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THE
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1899 WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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The new Commander-in-Chief in South Africa sailed in the *Dunottar Castle* from Southampton amid demonstrations of great enthusiasm. Lady Roberts and her daughters were among those who went to Southampton to wish God-speed to her gallant and distinguished husband

A HEARTY SEND-OFF: LORD ROBERTS LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR THE CAPE

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Topics of the Week

A Happy
New Year

IN the gloomy times through which we are now passing the wish on everybody's lips at this season of the year loses a good deal of its conventionality. We begin to realise what we mean by a Happy New Year when we weigh the grave issues involved in our struggle in South Africa, and when we measure the labour imposed upon us if those issues are to be solved to our advantage and to the advantage of the cause for which we are struggling. It is, perhaps, well that this should be so. We have had so many Happy New Years without much exertion that the task of making one for ourselves will do us no harm. As a matter of fact, when we talk of the dark days we are experiencing, we are exaggerating the magnitude and gravity of our ill-fortune. We are voicing rather the sensitiveness which comes of long years of facile labour, and of immunity from bracing danger. The past year is by no means as gloomy as it appears through the shadows of reverses which are so close to us as to obscure everything else. It has been a year of noble strivings and also of great disappointments, but at the same time, of no small amount of good work done. If we are at war, it is for a cause of which we may well be proud, and the vindication of which will only make the world the happier. Great causes have always required great sacrifices, and at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that the spirit of our people no more shrinks from these sacrifices now than it did at other great epochs of our history when we championed the cause of freedom and good government and carried that championship to victory. If the close of the year finds us at war the history of the year is at any rate a vindication of our love of peace. Our statesmanship may well face the charge of an aggressive Imperialism when it can look back upon the solid work it accomplished at the Peace Conference, and when it passes in review such peace-ensuring compacts as the Anglo-Russian Agreement, the Anglo-French Convention, and the Samoan Treaty. Even the story of the Transvaal dispute itself may be relied upon to prove our attachment to peace, for assuredly never was a great Power more patient under the consciousness of growing wrong. We did everything to avoid war, except to compound with principles which we could not violate without loss not merely of national prestige, but of that self-respect which is the measure of our strength and vitality. Nor is the brighter side of the war less conspicuous than its darker aspects, though it may seem so for the moment. The battles of Colenso and Magersfontein have not been fortunate for us, but at least they have not found the gallantry of the British soldier wanting. Under new conditions of warfare he has shown all the old daring, all the stubborn valour which has made our Empire what it is. And behind this the nation and the Empire stand more firmly, more resolutely, more united than ever they were. It has, indeed, been worth losing a couple of battles to evoke the spirit of patriotic devotion which has filled the country during the last two or three weeks, and the echoes of which have hummed round the world in the wake of the Flag and the never-setting sun. So at least when to-day we wish one another a happier year, we may cheer ourselves with the confidence that the wish will be fulfilled. With a good cause and all the qualities and inspirations which have made us undiminished we have nothing to fear.

The New
Sirdar

THE occupation of El Obeid puts the final seal on the recovery of the Soudan from barbarism of the very worst type. So long as that stronghold of fanaticism remained under Dervish control, there was always a chance of Mahdism reviving in one shape or another. The prestige it acquired when Hicks Pasha lost his entire army when marching against the city invested it with a sort of sacred character; nor was this afflatus much diminished when, after his crushing defeat at Omdurman, the Khalifa fell back on the birthplace of the fierce creed whose adherents had carried their victorious battle-flags to the very threshold of Lower Egypt. The possibility was, therefore, that either Osman Digma or some other chief would proclaim himself Mahdi at El Obeid, a position of great natural strength for defensive purposes, owing to the long stretches of waterless desert intervening between it and the Nile. That evil contingency has now vanished, and Sir Francis Wingate enters office as Sirdar and Governor-General of the Soudan without a single embarrassment on his hands. It counterbalances some of our ill luck in Southern Africa that such an ideal successor to Lord Kitchener should have been available both on the spot and on the instant. Completely acquainted with the programme of his many-gifted predecessor, Sir Francis may be depended upon to give continuity to Lord Kitchener's policy in every detail. It is well that this should be the case; long years must elapse before the Soudan is a fitting country for those experiments in legislation and administration which the Anglo-Saxon is somewhat too apt to start among peoples not suited for their reception.

Hausmann-
ising London

IN matters financial the London County Council constantly lays itself open to criticism for over-haste in getting forward with what it considers metropolitan improvements. At the present moment, when paying the cost of a great war is looming in the not remote distance, it certainly savours of indiscretion to prepare for immediate Parliamentary approval a grandiose scheme involving an outlay of very close on 3,000,000. This fresh demand on the ratepayers is exclusive of the heavy expense of opening the new thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand; that is a separate account. Would it not have been more considerate, therefore, to have postponed the imposition of this fresh burden for another year or two? The extension of the Thames Embankment above the Houses of Parliament, which absorbs nearly half the amount required, is a praiseworthy undertaking in itself; it would unquestionably be a valuable improvement. But it might well stand over until the ratepayers are freed from some of those other onerous liabilities which wring their withers so sorely. The same may be said for all the other improvements specified in the Bill about to be laid before Parliament; public convenience would suffer but slightly if the whole lot were held over until after the election of a new Council. It is not surprising, therefore, that some critics attribute the desperate hurry of the present Progressive majority to a desire to make haste while the sun shines; they are twitted with feeling misgiving lest they should never have another chance of ingratiating themselves with the working classes by providing them with employment regardless of cost.

The Court

SPENDING Christmas at Windsor is a rare event indeed with the Queen. Occasionally when public affairs have required her presence near town Her Majesty has remained at the Castle for the Christmas season, and on the last occasion—thirteen years ago—the Queen did not go to Osborne because Princess Beatrice was not ready to travel so soon after the death of her eldest child. But, as a rule, Her Majesty holds her Christmas party in the Isle of Wight, and only the anxieties and business connected with the war have kept the Court at the Castle this year. However, all being well, the Queen intended to move to Osborne on Thursday. Save for the difference of being at Windsor instead of the Isle of Wight, the Royal Christmas was very much the same as in previous years. There was the same family gathering—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, Princess Louise and her husband, the Duchess of Albany with her son and daughter, Princess Beatrice and her children staying at the Castle, while Prince and Princess Christian and their daughter came over from Cumberland Lodge to dinner. The Queen loves a regular old-fashioned Christmas, with its traditional dishes, its evergreen garlands, and Christmas trees. So holly, ivy, and all kinds of greenery decked the Castle instead of the hothouse flowers now in favour. At the Royal Christmas dinner the boar's head and woodcock pie duly made their appearance, together with the baron of beef—a splendid piece of meat weighing nearly 200 lb., which took twelve hours to roast in the Castle kitchen. Plum puddings and mince pies were of course in the menu, as well as a quantity of German sweets—especially marzipan, which Emperor William always sends over to his grandmother. In return the Queen presents His Majesty with a real English plum pudding. The great event of the younger members of the party was the Queen's Christmas Tree put up in the Green Drawing-room, gay with coloured candles and sparkling ornaments and crowded with gifts for old and young. Her Majesty provided another tree for the Royal Household, and it is characteristic of the Queen that Her Majesty chooses every gift herself, and has a keen recollection of what each recipient likes best. Nor were Christmas presents confined to the inside of the Castle. The poor of the neighbourhood had their annual bounty of beef, coals, and clothing, similar presents being bestowed in London and at Osborne. Beyond the family party there were no guests at Windsor for Christmas, Her Majesty and the Princes and the Princesses attending divine service in the private chapel on both Sunday and Christmas Day, Canon Duckworth and the Dean of Windsor officiating. Before Christmas, however, the Queen had received Lord Roberts to bid him farewell, Lord Salisbury coming down to the Castle at the same time for an audience. The novelty of the Royal Christmas, the Queen's Boxing Day party to the wives and children of soldiers serving at the front, is described in another column.

Though only a quiet family party, the Prince and Princess of Wales had a very happy Christmas at Sandringham, for all their family were gathered round them. Princess Victoria and the Duke and Duchess of Fife with their children were at Sandringham House with the Prince and Princess, the Duke and Duchess of York and their children at York Cottage, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Appleton Hall—the whole party spending most of their days and evenings together. The Prince and Princess being devoted to their grandchildren, the little ones always have a very gay time, and thoroughly enliven their elders. Then there are the poorer neighbours to make happy, the Princesses distributing clothing and other useful presents.

So keen a soldier as the Duke of Connaught is naturally bitterly disappointed at his fresh application to be sent to the front at Africa should be refused. The Duke wanted to waive his military rank and go out on Lord Roberts's staff, but the Government were obdurate. He was at Victoria on Saturday to wish Lord Roberts good-bye, and, owing to the crush, could scarcely get near him. The Prince of Wales was more fortunate—though he too was very much pressed—and stood chatting with Lord Roberts up to the moment of the departure.

Nowhere is Christmas kept more merrily than at the German Court. Emperor William thoroughly enjoys the festival, and for weeks before both the Emperor and Empress are busy choosing Christmas gifts—for everyone in the Imperial household has a present down to the poorest assistant in the kitchen. The Imperial pair like to go shopping for themselves instead of having specimens sent up to the Palace for choice, and they stroll in and out the Berlin shops almost unnoticed. The Palace has been crowded

with Christmas trees and tables of gifts for the Imperial household. The Emperor and Empress have separate tables, so had each of the six Princes and Princesses, Princess Luise, varying in size according to age. The trees and the tables were displayed on Christmas Day when the chief festivities take place, as Christmas Day is more with attending Divine Service and consuming a where the national dishes of goose-breast and pepper side by side with English dainties sent by the Queen. is the family festival at the Court, State functions being the New Year. At another German Court closely connected with our Royal House—that of Saxe-Coburg—the Duke and Duchess have the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and their children, on a visit for Christmas.

Music of the New Year

EXCEPT as to one or two belated performances, music has been suspended until after the New Year. Arrangements for the spring season have, of course, already been made, but the serial concerts are concerned. Many of the eminent artists and other artists who had contemplated visiting this country, however, now undecided in the matter; as the war has all question has affected musical entertainments, and musicians are inclined to postpone their visit to a more favourable opportunity. Dr. Joachim has now decided not to return, owing partly to advancing age, and this, we think, will be the first time he has missed an annual visit to London for over thirty years. Lady Hallé will in January tour in Scandinavia instead of coming to England. M. Ysaye will, however, certainly be here, and we may likewise in March expect a visit from Herr Rosenbaum, while Madame Carreño and others have also arranged to come to the Crystal Palace early in the spring. Our earliest visitor to London will be Herr Mühlfeld, the famous clarinetist from Munich, who will appear at the first of the Saturday Popular Concerts after Christmas, namely, on January 6. Miss Fanny Davies has likewise been engaged for this concert, and will introduce with Herr Mühlfeld a new clarinet sonata from the pen of Mr. Gustav Jenner, a musician of German parentage but English birth. According to present arrangements the Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed at the end of February; but the Joachim Quartet party will not this year return to London. Mr. Lloyd's farewell tour has been postponed owing to the war "slump," which has severely affected the provinces. It will accordingly take place in the autumn instead of at the New Year, although the date of his final farewell at the Albert Hall in December will practically be unchanged, and at most will be postponed for only a few weeks.

The Albert Hall season will, as usual, recommence with the performance of *The Messiah* on New Year's Day. *St. Paul* and *The Redemption* will also be given in the course of the season, and at the end of March we are to have the *Hiawatha* Trilogy, that is to say, the two sections, *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast* and *The Death of Minnehaha*, which have already been produced, and the final section, entitled *Hiawatha's Departure*, which Mr. Coleridge Taylor is now composing. These three works, with the overture already heard at the Norwich Festival, will form a complete programme. The Albert Hall season will close on May 3 with a Wagner concert; this time, however, avoiding the more advanced works, the programme being devoted to the first act of *Lohengrin* and selections from *The Flying Dutchman*. At Queen's Hall the London Symphony Concerts will be resumed on January 27. No arrangements have yet been made for any further Wagner Concerts, and it seems indeed desirable that Wagner for the time should have a rest. Mr. Newman has likewise arranged for Ash Wednesday, St. Patrick's Day, and Good Friday Concerts, and also for a series of violin concerts by M. Ysaye. He has likewise decided once more to try the so-called London Musical Festival, which, however, will this year be given a week before the opera season opens. The London Ballad Concerts at Queen's Hall will be resumed on January 20, and the St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts on January 31. The Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed on February 24, and Mr. Manns may be trusted to draw up an interesting series of programmes. The Richter Concerts have already been settled for next May, and it is hoped that Herr Mottl will return early in the spring to give a short series of recitals, although details have not yet been settled.

Except that the regular season will commence at Covent Garden on May 7, nothing has yet been decided in regard to the opera next year. At one time it was hoped that Señor Lago would organise a season of Italian Opera immediately after Christmas, and indeed, the impresario had his company ready and his repertoire prepared. Difficulties, however, arose as to securing a theatre and negotiations, first for the Adelphi and afterwards for the Theatre Royal, fell through, so that the Lago enterprise must now be considered as at an end, at any rate until the autumn. Negotiations have, however, as we understand, been opened up by Herr Neumann, who, in the Easter season of German Opera at Drury Lane. Unless these are signed, nothing is ever certain in matters operatic. Herr Neumann, should he decide to come, will be certainly a most welcome from those who recollect his brilliant success at the Majesty's Theatre eighteen years ago, when he produced the first time in London, the whole of the series of Wagner's *Nibelungen*. Since then Herr Neumann has been an operatic success in Germany and more recently in Prague.

In regard to Covent Garden the chief things settled at present will be at least two cycles of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. These will be the only important performances of Wagner's operas given during the present year, for it has been settled that the Bayreuth Opera House shall be closed until 1901. Another new engagement for the *Ring* is that of Herr Strauss, the handsome tenor whose youthful appearance and figure were so favourable an impression at Bayreuth last autumn, when, owing to the indisposition of another artist, he was suddenly called upon to play the part of Siegfried. M. Imbart de la Tour, a Brussels tenor, will likewise be available for German opera, and has been engaged for some of the smaller German parts. The principal characters will be in the hands of Frau Termini, who, no doubt, will play Sieglinde, Frau Galski, Frau Belec, and Frau Schumann-Heinck. In regard to the general repertoire, several engagements are in abeyance; for managers, with the war "slump" before their eyes, must prudently wait to see what the season is likely to bring forth. Madame Melba has, however, already been engaged; together with M. Saleza, MM. de Lucia, Edouard de Reszké, Scotti, and Plangon, Madame Suzanne Adams, and others.

The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Spring is in a contemplative mood before a blazing fire as the year is gradually ebbing away, I cannot but feel that the past is a mistake, and I am inclined to think if we failed to remember them, and if we forgot all about our birthdays, we should feel much younger and happier. The crocus-coloured flames shoot up the chimney and the brilliant little gas-jets pipe a merry lay, and to the accompaniment I sing a little song:—

Ah! Time with all its troubles slow-flying,
Ah! Time with its pleasures soon fled!
The Year with its sorrows now dying—
The Year with its joys nearly dead!
A season for solemn reflection—
For homilies garnered in sheaves;
For growling, regret, and dejection,
And talk of o'er turning new leaves!
But ruddy light glitters and glances—
My Muse it is bound to inspire—
As words of the wildest romances,
I read in the Fire!

I have not made up my mind whether the new Century begins in 1900, and I don't think it much matters, but I have certainly made up my mind that I wish all my countless friends and acquaintances at home and abroad, most cordially a very happy New Year.

A year later in the *Times* shows us that notwithstanding all that has been written in this column and elsewhere, the matinee-hat nuisance shows little sign of abatement. It is to be hoped that in this holiday season, when at morning performances the theatres are crowded with children, some very vigorous measures may be taken to ensure them having a full view of everything that is taking place on the stage. The instances I witnessed during the last Christmas holidays of the view of children being entirely obscured by gigantic be-plumed and be-ribboned hats was a terrible evidence of the thoughtless selfishness of their wearers. At this period I am a pretty extensive patroniser, accompanied by sundry young people, of the matinee—but if I and my party are again served as we have been, I shall simply stay away from the theatre altogether. The managers should at once see to this, and issue definite regulations on the subject. I am inclined to think that a ticket for the theatre, taken and paid for, is an implied contract for seeing the whole of the performance as set forth in the bill. If the ticket were taken to Somerset House and stamped, and if you, by reason of obstructions not removed by managerial interference, only saw an eighth of the entertainment, I rather fancy you might sue the manager for the remaining seven-eighths. This, of course, would be a troublesome and expensive thing to do. The only course is to bring high hassocks and put them on the seats so that the children's line of vision may clear the screen of head-dresses. Or if all the men wore their tall hats—the taller the better—possibly that might bring the offenders to reason. It should be remembered there is no law against a man wearing his hat in a theatre any more than there is against a lady doing so.

Some little while ago—speaking of the various changes that are taking place in the City, and my finding a quarter of Finsbury Circus absolutely razed to the ground—I hazarded the conjecture that on my next visit I might discover that the ornamental garden had been converted into a market and the London Institution into a railway station. Possibly it will not be quite so bad as that, but, undoubtedly, further changes are threatened. The Corporation, I hear, are about to embody in their Parliamentary Bill a clause that shall enable them to acquire and throw open to the public the aforesaid garden. It strikes me that this will be rather a difficult matter to accomplish, for I fancy the leases are somewhat peculiar in these parts, and that a certain portion of the garden is included in each lease. Some dozen houses have now been cleared away altogether, so it is difficult to say whether their rights still remain, but there must be well nigh thirty remaining, in addition to the London Institution. If the City have thirty different individuals to treat with, having thirty different views with regard to the matter, I think the matter will be somewhat difficult to accomplish. I note that the *Chronicle* says of this garden:—"It is no unusual thing to see wild pigeons nesting in the trees, and occasionally even the trill of a nightingale enlivens the Circus during the night." What a fine scene for a poem would be "The Nightingale in the City."

The fire which took place in Tavistock Street recently, I understand, destroyed many books and not a few manuscripts were altogether lost. Now, of course, copies should be always kept of a manuscript by the author, but, as a matter of fact, I believe, this is seldom done, though in these days of typewriting the matter could be easily accomplished at a small outlay. But, as a general rule, the author gets so sick of a book before it is finished that he is anxious to get it off to the printers and enjoy a little rest before he receives the proof sheets. I cannot understand why authors do not insure all their manuscripts till they receive the proof sheets. If a fire took place at your publishers' and nothing was left of your thrilling novel but black tinder, at any rate it would be a consolation to be able, by your forethought, to pop three hundred pounds in your pocket.

Communications have reached me with regard to the difficulty of getting omnibuses to stop, either for those attempting to enter the vehicle. A conductor will often ignore your wishes altogether, and take you many yards past where you wish to alight, and if expostulated with will say:—"We ain't allowed to stop here, sir!" This is all nonsense. A bus is bound to stop wherever you wish to leave or enter it, and it is only the people who by their constant practice become expert in jumping on or off when the bus is going at full speed, that have caused drivers and conductors to neglect their duty to the public. At the same time some of the remarks to be said on the other side. People often hail the wrong bus, and very frequently the whole traffic of a crowded thoroughfare is brought to a standstill by a vacillating old lady, who hails the bus and then says she thinks she won't get out after all. These evils might be obviated by a plan I have frequently advocated. That is to appoint special halting-places for 'buses and allow them to stop nowhere else. This would effectually abolish the annoyance of passengers, and at the same time prevent stoppage of traffic.

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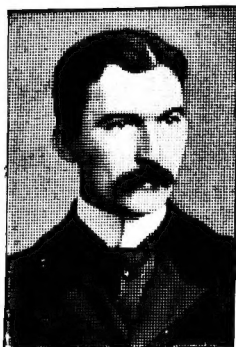
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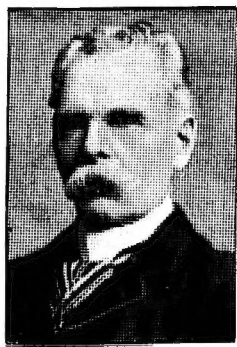
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DR. DODGE



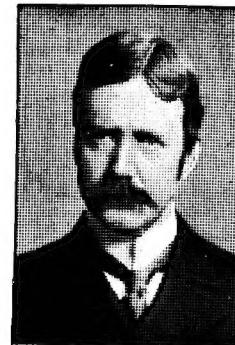
COLONEL HENSMAN



DR. RODMAN



DR. WEBER



MAJOR CABELL



DR. HASTINGS

The medical staff of the *Maine*, of whom we give portraits to-day, are Surgeon-Colonel Hensman, the representative of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the only British member of the staff; Surgeon-Major Julien Cabell, of the United States Army; and Doctors Hastings, G. E. Dodge, N. Rodman, and C. N. Weber. Doctors Dodge and Rodman have

both been chief medical assistants to Dr. M. Burney, at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, Dr. Weber is a German physician, and Dr. Hastings served in the Spanish-American War. Our portraits are from photographs by Lafayette B. Bend Street

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE"

Volunteers for the Front

ONE of the bitterest grievances entertained against us by the military nations of the Continent is that, unlike them, we do not keep up a conscript army based on the principle of universal liability to military service. During our late week of humiliation, when three severe checks to our arms followed on each other with such startling rapidity in South Africa, the French, as usual with our friends the enemy across the Channel, set up a chorus of exultation combined with an expression of the conviction that now at last, if we would not see our world-wide Empire totter to its base, we should have to accept conscription, which we had so long and so stubbornly resisted. In all this Continental outcry there was a curious hypocrisy of poor malicious human nature. What really was at the bottom of it all was that the critics of Paris and Berlin resented our immunity from an institution which had weighed so long and so heavily on the prosperity of their respective countries, and that they wanted to see us saddled with the same enfeebling military burdens as themselves. Their sudden solicitude for our national welfare was, in fact, of a kind similar to that reforming zeal of Macaulay's Puritans, who sternly forbade bear-baiting—not so much because it gave pain to the bear, as because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Knowing the economic curse that conscription is to themselves, our Continental friends, who have our welfare so deeply at heart, would

only be too delighted to see us groaning under the same misfortune. But they will be disappointed.

For it is the opinion of our best experts, including Lord Wolseley, that the system of voluntary enlistment is quite sufficient for the military needs of our Empire—broad-based as it is upon individual liberty and popular will—and, if there were any doubters on this subject, they must have been converted to this view by the wave of patriotic enthusiasm which swept over the whole Empire, and in particular over these tight little islands, when the Government lately made an appeal to our army of citizen soldiers to join the ranks of our regular forces in South Africa and thus raise them to a strength capable of coping with the biggest and most serious military problem with which we have had to deal for many a long year.

The enthusiastic response to this appeal from all parts of the Kingdom conclusively proved that our army of citizen soldiers is not the mere "paper force" which many have continued to regard it in spite of its great improvement in recent years, but that it has now, at least, become an auxiliary and reserve force of immense value from which, as from our Militia in the days of Waterloo, and even of the Crimea, our first fighting line in the field may now be reinforced. That it is not, and cannot yet be, employed on free-will foreign service as a separate branch of the Army is mainly due to its utter lack of transport and of the marching mechanisms without which no fighting unit can possibly take the field; apart from which it cannot, with all its merits, be yet said to have attained to that

degree of drill and discipline which could prove effective before a foe without a stiffening from the Regulars.

Nevertheless, it must be owned with patriotic pride that our Volunteer Army has made immense progress, especially within the last ten or fifteen years, and it is now just forty years old. At the end of the last century, when England was threatened by invasion from the France of the Great Napoleon, no fewer than 263,000 Volunteers throughout the United Kingdom sprang to arms, but, like the Militia, the force faded away during the thirty years' peace; and it was not till 1859, when the France of Napoleon the Third, our late ally in the Crimea, had begun to show signs of again proving the disturber of Europe, that, mainly at the patriotic instance of the ever-energetic Prince Consort, another citizen-soldier army was called into being—an army of which the first muster-roll of about 70,000 soon swelled to 180,000, and is now about 260,000 infantry, artillery, and engineers, formed into thirty-three brigades, each battalion of which is attached, like the Militia, to some regiment of the line. Between the Volunteers of 1799 and our citizen soldiers of 1899 the broad distinction is this—that whereas the former were raised for the purposes of mere local defence, the latter, taking their stand on a broader basis, offered themselves for fencible service anywhere within the United Kingdom.

As George III., in 1799, had held a grand review of the Volunteers of his time in Hyde Park, so last July, just a century



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE HON. MRS. EVELYN CECIL

A correspondent writing from Cape Town said that some of the soldiers who had landed there, while on their way to the front amused themselves by trying to make friends with the little Kaffir children

REJECTED ADDRESSES: A SCENE AT A WAYSIDE STATION



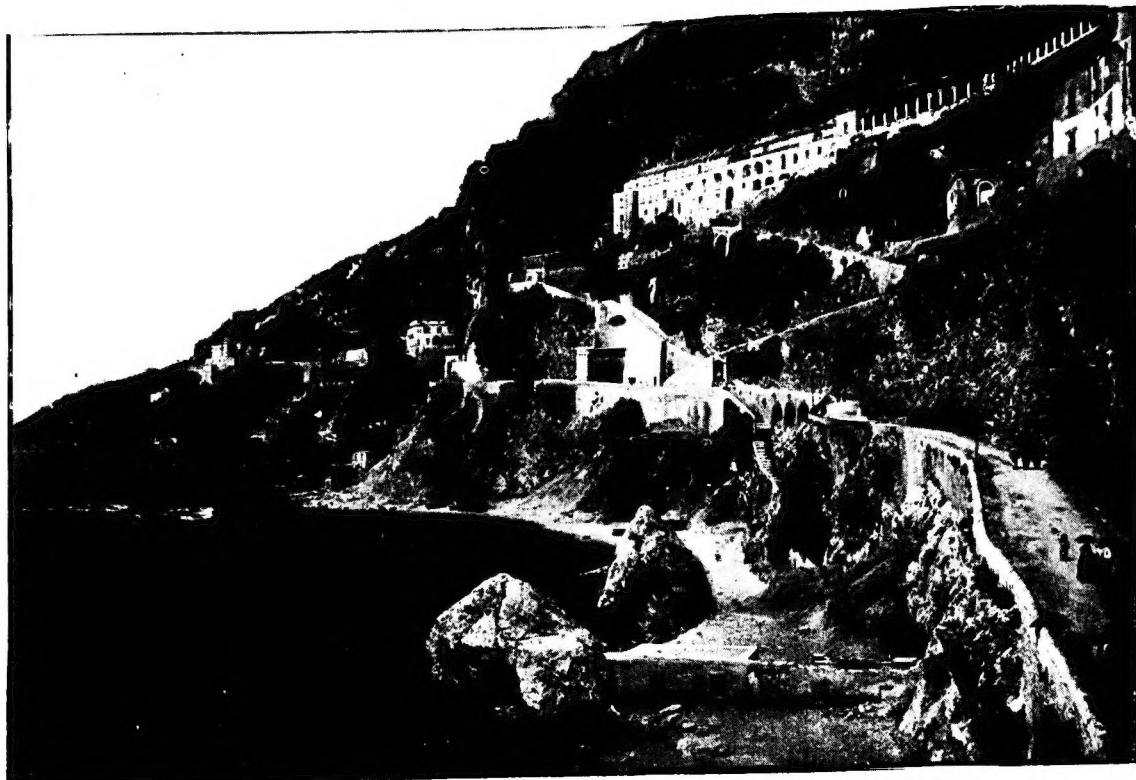
In response to a circular issued by Lieutenant-Colonel the Earl of Denbigh, about 240 members of the Honourable Artillery Company, drawn from both the artillery and infantry branches of the corps, volunteered for service in South Africa. Lord Denbigh accordingly summoned these volunteers to meet him, and explained that some time ago he offered to the War Office a company of 110 marksmen—all first-class shots—and a battery of six guns of horse artillery if the latter could be horsed by the Government. In consequence, however, of the H.A.C. not being affiliated to any regiment, and owing to the difficulty of providing or a

single corps of Volunteer artillery in the metropolis, the authorities declined both offers, and recommended the H.A.C. to join the City corps. Lord Denbigh said he much regretted this decision, but that it had been arranged with the Lord Mayor to provide forty infantry, of whom some were to be mounted. After carefully going through those who had offered their services, twenty good riders were selected as mounted infantry, and twenty other men for infantry.

HMP

"WE ALL WANT TO GO, SIR": THE H.A.C.'S RESPONSE TO LORD DENBIGH'S APPEAL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR SERVICE

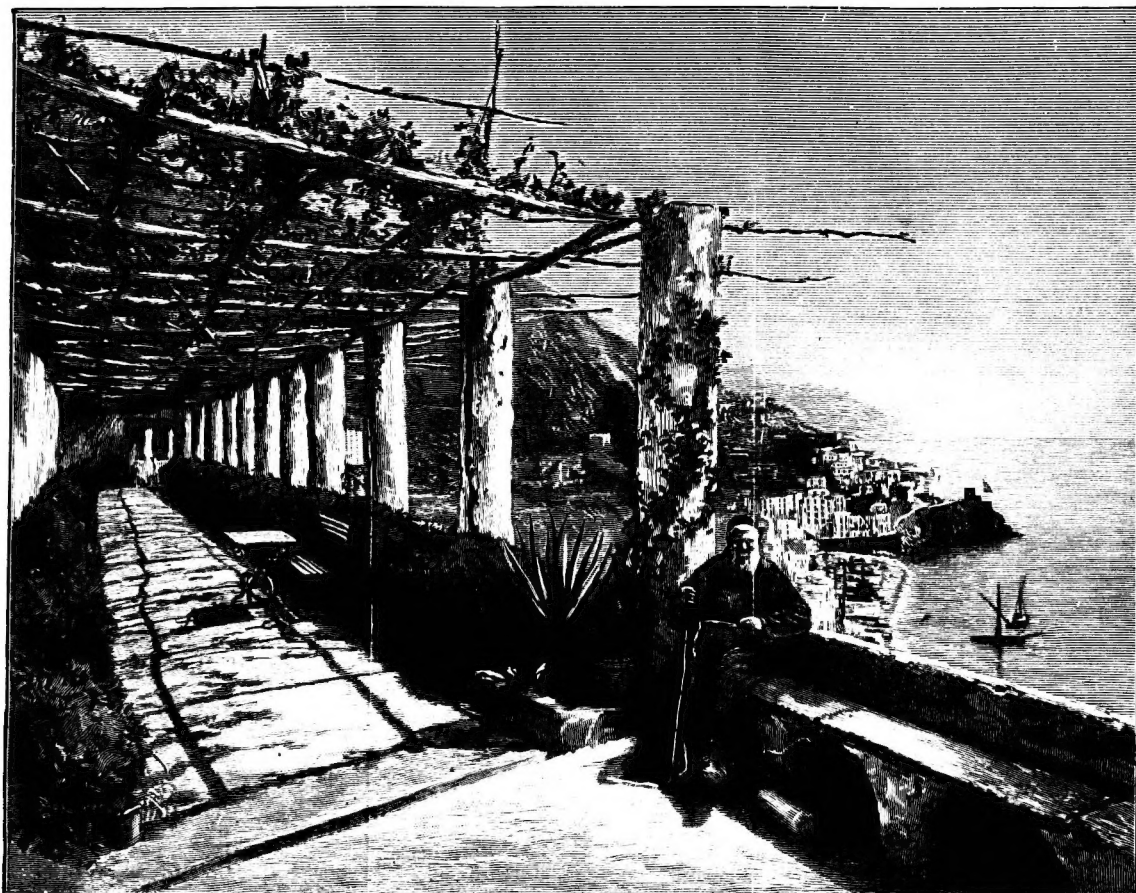
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



VIEW OF THE CITY SHOWING THE MONASTERY THAT HAS BEEN WRECKED



ATRANI, ONCE PART OF AMALFI, NOW DIVIDED BY THE SEA AND PROMONTORY

VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE CAPUCCINI HOTEL, NOW DESTROYED
THE LANDSLIP IN ITALY: VIEW OF AMALFI, THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

later, his great-grandson, our own Prince of Wales, reviewed those who witnessed that impressive spectacle were bound that, in respect of physique, smartness, equipment, military and precision of mere ceremonial movement, these Volunteers were anything but inferior to the linesmen of Aldershot. At the same time it had to be admitted that this was a show of a certain reverse side of unreality. It may freely be owned that the Volunteers now take themselves far more seriously than they did before, and have received a great impulse from the spirit of militarism which is the dominant note of the time. They have turned their backs on the roaring picnics and panoramic sham fights of the Astley Circus kind, which used to form the serious business of the Easter outings; they no longer practise the unlimited bludgeoning of black powder for the entertainment of engulfing hordes of holiday trippers, and they have, in fact, discarded all the pleasure amusements which used to make them the butt of military criticism both at home and abroad. Instead of repairing in miniature to holiday resorts, they split themselves into battalions and companies—as far as possible from madding crowds—and laboriously perform the detail work of their profession—drill, camping, outposts, scouting and other kinds of military training.

The Government is now doing more than it ever did before for the force—granting it more money, better equipment, and a higher acknowledgment—as witness Lord Wolseley's appointment of a Volunteer officer to his staff on appointment to the Horse Guards. But the true motive power for its improvement, as for all other kinds of improvement, has come from within, not from without. The Volunteer force of to-day is ten times more serious, more efficient than it was after the first twenty years of its existence; but, in spite of all this, our citizen soldiers have not yet altogether purged themselves from the reproach of being "men with muskets." For what is the use of a musket, especially in a war with an enemy like the Boers, if its bearer cannot shoot straight with it? As before said, we have a Volunteer army of something like 260,000, and yet it is only but a very small percentage of this army that can shoot well. Lord Wolseley has declared that the man, be he Regular or Volunteer, who cannot shoot is simply an encumbrance to his battalion, and that if only one-fourth of our Volunteers were efficient marksmen they would be worth all the quarter of a million who now constitute the force.

In 1860, the year after the creation of our citizen soldier army, there was held at Wimbledon the first meeting of the National Rifle Association, whose object was, and is, "the promotion and encouragement of rifle shooting throughout the Queen's dominions, and to give permanence to the Volunteer force." This Association continues to hold its annual meeting at Bisley, the new Wimbledon, but it may surprise most to hear that those meetings are not attended by more than about one per cent. of our entire force of Volunteers; and the general merit of marksmanship throughout that force must in no way be inferred from the feats of the few hundred of the rifle-wielding Robin Hoods who compete for the Queen's prize and the other rewards of straight shooting at the Bisley butts. Our Volunteers, of course, are not without their first-class shots—though even these were beaten last year in Holland, the mother country of the Boers, by Continental marksmen; but the overwhelming majority, according to the report of the School of Musketry, barely earn the capitation grant by qualifying for the second class, while over fifty per cent.—incredible though it may sound—never attempt anything more than the twenty-one rounds at 200 yards, which constitute the third class. Some battalions do not contain a single first class shot! At the same time it is satisfactory to know that the general musketry merit of the Home District Volunteers has risen very considerably during the past year.

Many Volunteers, no doubt, still prefer field-mummery to field-musketry, though most of them would only be too glad to practise shooting if they could, but they cannot; and this truth has at last been taken to heart by the War Office, whose estimates last year included a large sum for rifle ranges. Hitherto, with the Volunteers, shooting has been subordinate to drill, but henceforth it must be all the other way about, if, as Lord Wolseley remarked, three-fourths of them are not to prove an encumbrance to the other fourth, and if there is to be any value in the Volunteer force, of which the creation, analogous to the Militia Reserve, was originally suggested. When our Volunteers shall have improved their marksmanship, which is the chief accomplishment of the modern soldier, and be furnished at once with a more numerous and a more efficient corps of officers—who, however, have now made great strides forward in recent years—then the nation will have double cause to be proud of the force which has now volunteered so nobly and so largely for service far outside the scope of the duties prescribed for it by the "Volunteer Regulations."

A Terrible Catastrophe in Italy

A FEARFUL disaster occurred last week at Amalfi, a winter resort on the Gulf of Salerno. Suddenly, with a deafening roar, a rock on which stood the Hotel Capuccini got detached, and fell into the sea, carrying with it not only the hotel premises, but a monastery below, several houses, and a pension, the Hotel Santa Caterina. Ten persons are known to have lost their lives in the landslip. Among the number are two young English ladies who are believed to have delayed their escape from the hotel while trying to get together some of their effects. The two English ladies were Miss Alice Weir, of London, who was staying at the Hotel Santa Caterina for the benefit of her health, and her governess. The Hotel Santa Caterina is completely buried, and a part of the Hotel Capuccini is in ruins. A mass of rocks, twenty yards in length fell into the sea, carrying away the inter-urban road and the lighthouse. Some slight earth tremors were recorded some days before the disaster, and several peasants had abandoned their houses in consequence. The proprietor of the Hotel Santa Caterina, having observed before the catastrophe that the sea was moving and that there were fissures in the walls of the hotel, had moved the authorities, who gave warning of the danger. When the landslip fell into the sea it threw up a huge wave, and the collision of the water drove several sailing vessels into collision and sank them. The work of research is proceeding but slowly, owing to the immense difficulties.

Place aux Fames

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

Children's saturnalia is now in full swing. Cabs, bearing logs of fire from the windows of which peered rosy-cheeked faces full of eager anticipation, might have been seen in the streets lately, and a host of eager purchasers crowded the shops, while along the streets hurried busy mothers holding their little ones by the hand. Christmas is the nearest approach to fairyland the children know. The twinkling Christmas trees, laden with their candles, the boys and sweetmeats, the unlimited number of presents that come apparently from Heaven, the shower of playthings, bonbons and good things to eat (no despised item in child life), the treats and parties and junketings and playgoings which make up the giddy reign of glee during the Christmas holidays, all form a beautiful vision of happiness beyond the dreams of avarice. And while a few children show themselves grasping and greedy, get spoiled with pleasure and jaded with enjoyment, it is yet a moment when the Christian motto, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is put in practice universally, and when a general desire to be good is only equalled by the laudable ambition of making others happy. While to the parents, saddened by losses and anxiety, the bright faces of children, their unclouded merriment, their carelessness of cause and effect, can only offer a stimulating tonic.

Christmas gifts grow ever more numerous, more bewildering in variety, and yet, with the exception of books in refined and elegant bindings, how few can be called artistic? The average person chooses his present for its novelty, its bizarreness, its very ugliness, not for the supreme idea of beauty, that beauty which to the Greeks was the only quality worth having. Beauty gave happiness, and happiness they enjoyed. Small wonder that once, when at a family gathering, all the guests were asked to name one day in the whole world when they would have rejoiced to live, Mr. Gladstone gave a

made one wonder why little boys of the present day may not wear clothes as becoming.

The Duke of Westminster will be terribly missed by the poor. Grosvenor House during the summer was filled with a constant procession of charitable societies and meetings for the promotion of something good. The Duke was kindness and generosity itself, and did his



THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER

acts of benevolence in a quiet and unostentatious manner, very different from the self-advertising pose of the new millionaire. He was a grand gentleman in the best sense of the word, a true sportsman, and enjoyed a patriarchally happy domestic life. The picture of his second Duchess, painted by Millais, may be in the recollection of

Our Portraits

THE late Duke of Westminster was born in 1825. He succeeded his father as third Marquis in 1869, having previously sat in the House of Commons as member for Chester from 1847 to 1869. He was first married, in 1852, to Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, the youngest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and by her he had, among other children, Victor Alexander, Earl Grosvenor, his eldest son. Earl Grosvenor, who died in 1884, married a daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough, and the eldest son of the marriage, Viscount Belgrave, who was born in 1879, now succeeds to the dukedom. Viscount Belgrave for some time was A.D.C. to Sir Alfred Milner, but has now gone to the front on active service. The late Duke married secondly, in 1882, the Hon. Katherine Caroline Cavendish, daughter of the second Lord Chesham. He was advanced to a dukedom in 1874. The Duke, who was for many years a great friend of Mr. Gladstone's, but remained a Liberal Unionist at the time of the Home Rule split. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Cheshire, and was also appointed in October, 1888, Lord-Lieutenant of the new county of London. The Duke was honorary colonel of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry and of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, and was supernumerary Aide-de-Camp to the Queen for Her Majesty's Volunteer Forces. The late Duke was a great sportsman, and in 1880 won his first Derby with Bend Or. Two years later his Shetover won again for him the Blue Riband of the Turf, and in 1886 his Ormonde carried the Duke's colours first past the post in the Derby, the Two Thousand, and the St. Leger. Our portrait of the late Duke is by W. and D. Downey, and that of the new Duke by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street.

Mr. Eugene Wason, the new Liberal M.P. for Kinross and Clackmannan, is the late member for South Ayrshire. He polled 516 more votes than the Unionist candidate, Mr. George Younger. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

Mr. Benjamin Francis Conn Costelloe was the son of the late Mr. Richard Martin Costelloe, surveyor to the Board of Trade in Glasgow. After a distinguished career at the University of Glasgow, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1831. Mr.



THE LATE SIR G. A. KIRKPATRICK
Canadian Statesman



MR. EUGENE WASON
New M.P. for Clackmannan and Kinross



VISCOUNT BELGRAVE
Who succeeds to the Dukedom of Westminster



THE LATE MR. B. F. C. COSTELLOE
County Councillor and Radical



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM HORNBY
Archdeacon of Lancaster

again in Athens at the height of her glory. Every Greek home had its playthings, its odds and ends, its Christmas gifts (or what answered the purpose) in the shape of statuettes made of the hardest material, yet imbued with a charm, a grace, a beauty of which we, alas, have long lost the secret. When shall we offer exactly modelled statuettes and bronzes to our friends instead of the china pigs and dogs and trivial jewellery which form our stock-in-trade of presents? Alas! novelty is our god as beauty was that of the Greeks, and art does not live with novelty. And yet why should these dainty little ladies have vanished completely from our land and given place to the solemn monstrosities of china beasts?

sculpture never, I suppose, will find a permanent home in England. It will always be neglected for colour, and yet if once one has learned to love form, how one yearns for and worships it. Fine art is still to be found in London, though, perhaps, not as well as it should be. Mr. George Wade has just finished a colossal statue of the Queen for India which combines beauty and dignity of design with truth and power. The same may be said of his statue of the Duke of Connaught, which conveys exactly the right feeling of manliness and military bearing. But even more in his fanciful subjects can one see the true feeling of the artist in the grace and charm of his children, the airy lightness of his well-posed girls, the abandon of his female figures, the classical spirit and beauty of all.

One of the first of the Christmas entertainments to appear is *The Merry Man* at the Lyceum, a pretty, graceful operatic extravaganza. A wealth of charming dresses may be seen. A wedding dress of gold gauze with square bodice and a chemisette of white lace embroidered in silver with revers of gold. A wreath of white roses, a gold net covered with pearls, and a white and silver bridal veil garnished with white doves may surely be deemed lovely in bridal attire. Peasants' dresses, too, are always pretty, a scarlet petticoat, a blue overskirt, the orthodox white cap, and chemisette, and that picturesque stay bodice, all blue and green and gold embroidery, make one wish to be a servant in fairyland, where there are no blacks to fall on a spotless cap, no muddy streets to dim the lustre of nice new shoes. The pretty cripple child looked most pathetic in green and red, and

those who saw it on the walls of the Academy, a worthy presentment of a great lady, quietly dressed, with no resplendent beauty, but with all the charm of dignity, high breeding, and delightful simplicity. The two most united families in England were, perhaps, those of the Westminsters and the Gladstones, who lived not far apart. The Duke of Westminster was one of a type of unaffected, generous, kindly, and home-staying landlords, who have made England the fine, patriotic, honest, loyal country she is.

Very remarkable indeed is the rush of young men, scions of nobility, rich, well-nurtured and independent, who have shown themselves anxious to leave their homes, their wives, their families, their sports and pursuits, to share rough fighting and hardships in South Africa. To find such an example one must almost go back to the days of the Crusades—only then a gentleman could do nothing else but fight, now any number of avenues are open to his ambition. It shows that the true old fighting instinct is still active, that chivalry is no dead word, that to do and to dare is still dearer to us than to sit still and think, and that our women are yet as brave, as enthusiastic, and as patient as the wives of the mediæval warriors whose armour they girded on, and whose arms they encircled with their scarves and favours.

A NOVELTY IN TEA-GOWNS may interest the feminine world at this season of country-house visits. Across the Atlantic young Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has set the fashion of tea-gowns embroidered with the wearer's initials. Her initials being V.V., the letters in pale green silk are scattered thickly all over a white silk gown with excellent effect.

NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA have come under the ban of the autocratic Empress Dowager, who has entered on a crusade against the native journals as too free in expressing their opinions. Her Majesty issued a decree ordering suppression of such dangerous instruments against the public peace, which "serve only to excite the masses to subvert the present order of things, while the editors thereof are composed mainly of the dregs of the *literati*." Accordingly, the unlucky editors are to be arrested and "punished to the utmost extent of the law."

Costelloe was elected a member of the first London County Council, for Stepney, sat in the second and third for Chelsea, and in the present was a member for South-West Bethnal Green. He was one of the earliest University settlers in the East End, where he had taken an active part in social work, was one of the executive of the London Liberal and Radical Union, and was one of the founders of the National Vigilance Association. Mr. Costelloe, in 1885, unsuccessfully contested East Edinburgh against Mr. Goschen. By his death the London County Council loses an indefatigable member, and the advanced Radicals an ardent advocate. In the County Council and in the School Board he did a great deal of useful work, and in Roman Catholic movements he also took a fair share. His ambition was to enter Parliament, but unfortunately he was unable to find a constituency prepared to accept his views in general or on Socialism in particular. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. William Hornby, late vicar of St. Michael's, near Preston, and late Archdeacon of Lancaster, was one of the best known clergymen in Lancashire. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and obtained his first ministry at Chester in the following year. He became honorary canon of Manchester and rural dean of Preston in 1850. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons.

In the death of Sir George Airey Kirkpatrick Canada loses one of her foremost statesmen. He was born at Kingston, Ontario, on September 13, 1841, matriculated at Queen's College, Kingston, and then went to Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated with honours in 1861. He was the son of Thomas Kirkpatrick, Q.C., a representative of the Irish branch of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, who went to Canada early in life, and established himself in the County of Frontenac, Ontario. A lawyer by profession, Sir George, on his father's death in 1870, was elected member for that constituency, and in recognition of his abilities and great services to his country he was made Speaker in 1883, being the first on whom the honour of a seat in Her Majesty's Privy Council for Canada was conferred. On his retirement from Parliamentary life he became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and served his term of office with much satisfaction. Our portrait is by Cochran Hamilton, Canada.

Tending the Wounded on the Battlefield

THOUGH the necessity of attending the wounded in the field was early recognised, still it was only within this century that serious attempts were made to deal with this important question. In former times the assistance rendered to the wounded was based on the principle that it costs more to cure a soldier than to levy a recruit, and the ordinary private was looked upon as a mere fighting machine to such an extent that, once seriously disabled, he was dismissed as valueless, only a small gratuity being allowed to him to find his way home as well as he could. The sanitary conditions being neglected, too, it is not surprising to find that the losses sustained in a campaign through illness considerably outnumbered those on the battlefields. The Franco-German War is the first in which this ratio was reversed.

When the British Army takes the field each battalion, cavalry regiment, or brigade division of artillery, *i.e.*, three batteries, is accompanied by a medical officer, who is supplied with a cart containing medical appliances, and is assisted by two privates trained in rendering help to the wounded. This officer has also the charge of the regimental stretchers, each of which is carried by two men. With a battalion, for instance, there are eight stretchers.

When a man is wounded he is attended to as quickly as possible by the medical officer of his corps, and then he is carried by the stretcher parties to the collecting station. The latter consists of the ambulance waggons of a bearer company, and is established as close to the fighting line as is consistent with safety, using, of course, any cover the ground offers.

A bearer company is attached to every infantry and cavalry brigade; it has ten ambulance waggons provided with stretchers, a cart for medical appliances, and a water-cart; its staff consists of a few medical officers and a certain number of non-commissioned officers and men, all furnished by the Medical Corps. While sending its ambulances to the collecting station to receive the wounded, the bearer company establishes the dressing-station 1,500 to 2,000 yards in rear of the firing line. At this station, which is provided with a tent displaying the Geneva flag, the most seriously wounded are attended to, and all such operations are performed which permit of no delay.

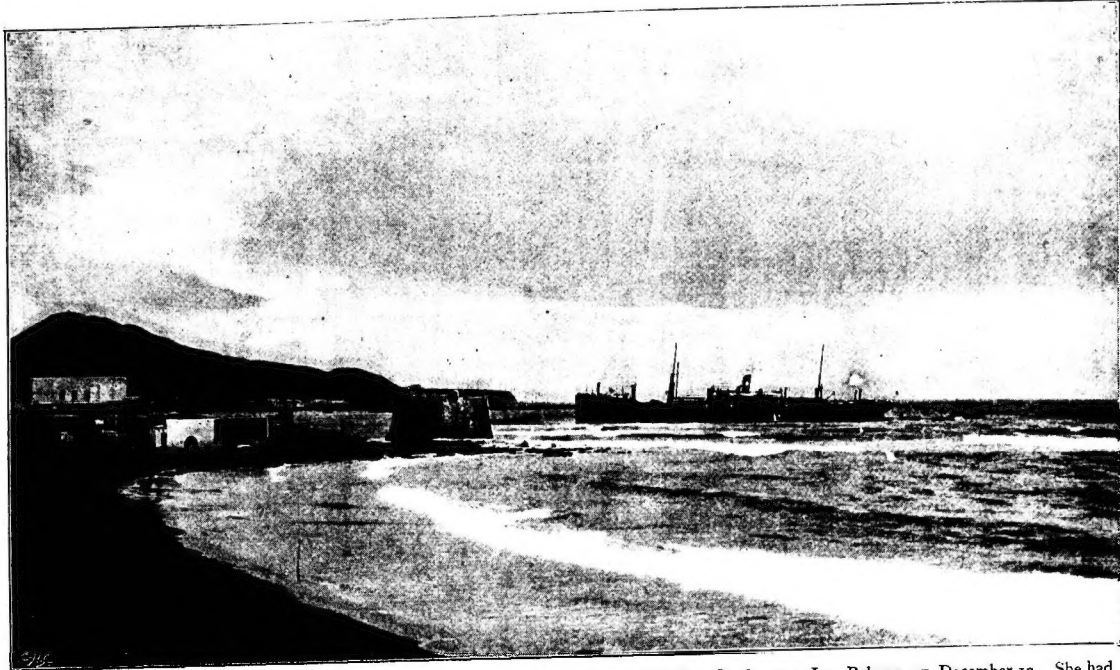
It must be admitted that the regulations for attending the wounded on the actual field of battle are somewhat theoretical. For instance, let us imagine that a force advances over open ground to attack an enemy who is occupying a defensive position.

Evidently, in a case like this, the medical officers attached to battalions, etc., and the stretcher parties, have to perform their arduous task under the withering fire of the enemy, being actually more exposed than the men in the fighting line, who can diminish the target they offer either by lying down or by seeking cover in ridges of the ground. Therefore, it is hardly exaggeration to say that in an offensive operation, especially when close ranges are reached, it is impossible to reach the wounded, who must be left where they fall till the action is over.

Of course, every possible effort is made to bring the much-

which is established at a safe distance in rear of the battle, and which contains sufficient accommodation to allow the wounded to rest there for about two days, when they are either discharged to join their regiments, or are passed to the base hospital at the port of embarkation for England. Field hospitals, as a rule, are mobile, march with the troops that take the field. An infantry division has three of these hospitals, each containing 100 beds. The base hospitals not only contain every possible appliance to ensure the well-being of the soldier, but also give the wounded heroes the additional delight of coming under the tender hands of nurses.

fortably equipped hospital ships carry the wounded from the base hospital to England, where they are finally transferred to Netley, or some other hospital.



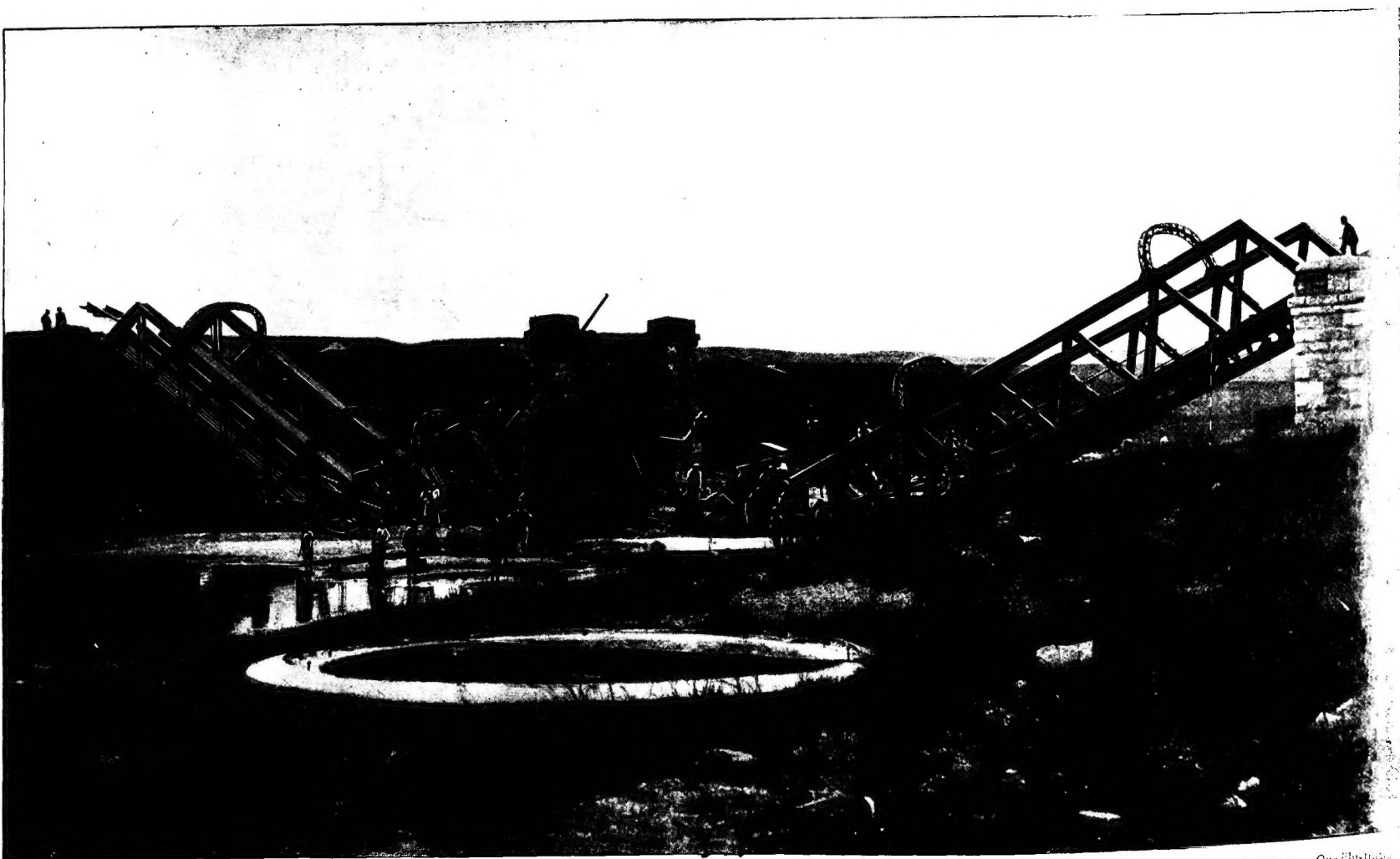
The freight ship *Denton Grange*, on her voyage to the Cape, went ashore abreast Catalina Castle, near Las Palmas, on December 12. She had on board remounts and stores, and also a number of traction engines. Our illustration is from a photograph by C. E. Medrington, Las Palmas

A TRANSPORT ASHORE

needed assistance to the fallen comrades, but, unfortunately instead of being crowned with success, such efforts occasionally lead to useless loss of medical officers and men. Consequently, no system can be devised which ensures with absolute certainty immediate relief to the wounded. Circumstances are more favourable for bringing aid to the injured when a force acts on the defensive, though here, too, medical officers and their assistants are not likely to escape unscathed. Indeed, valiant and heroic as may be the deeds of men who storm a position or defend it, not less brave, though less pretentious, are the achievements of those whose lot it is to bring relief to their fallen comrades regardless of their own safety.

Once the dressing station is reached, the wounded are outside the zone of hostile infantry fire, and it is now comparatively easy to attend to them. Their injuries having been treated at the dressing station, they are transported by road or railway to the field hospital,

"Colonel Kitchener's wound," says the writer, "was a curious one which puzzled the doctors. The bullet broke his jaw, and then went down his throat without doing further damage, but it fairly puzzled the doctors to find it, as Colonel Kitchener did not know until some time afterwards that he had swallowed it." The almost superhuman task of building the railway was carried out in a most marvellous manner. Notwithstanding the lack of skilled labour, the scarcity of water, and other serious difficulties, "between March, 1896, and June, 1898, five hundred and fifty miles of railway had been constructed." In fact, "An Officer" says that the success of the campaign was due to three things: "(1) To the genius and untiring perseverance of our commander; (2) to the speed and thoroughness with which Lieutenant Girouard carried out the laying of the railway; (3) to the fact that all the men in responsible positions were men who had spent several years on the frontier."



Frere Bridge, on the Natal Government Railway, is twenty-nine miles south of Ladysmith, and was the first to be blown up by the Boers on their retreat from Mafeking to Colenso. It consists of two spans of 100 feet

each. After it had been blown up a trestle bridge was constructed alongside the old structure. Our illustration is from a photograph by S. S. Watkinson

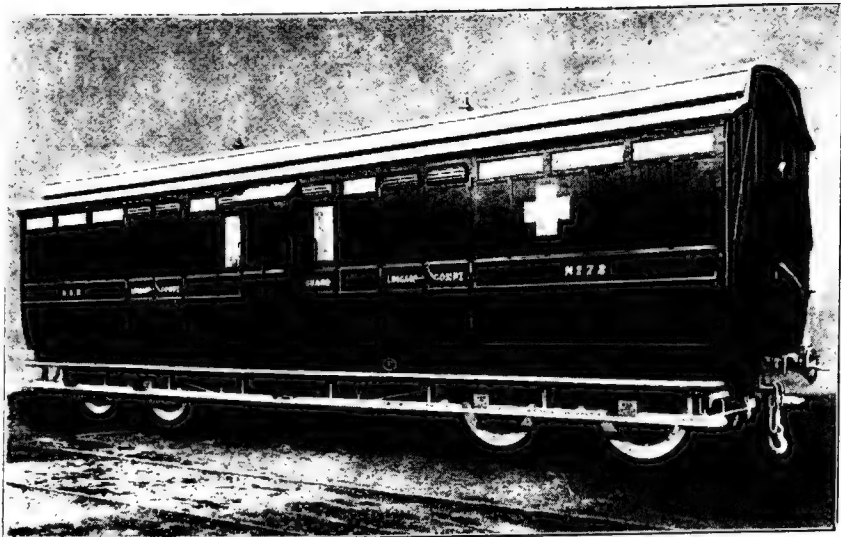
A BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE BOERS



Some correspondence has taken place lately respecting what is done to alleviate the sufferings of horses wounded in battle. Old campaigners testify that there are usually some persons on the field who go out of their way to end the agony of the suffering animals. But officers agree that independent shots, fired close in the rear, are apt to demoralise an advance, and cannot be encouraged, though, after decisive results have been attained, horses are usually killed by search parties succouring the wounded.

AN ACT OF MERCY: A LAST KINDNESS TO A TRUSTY SERVANT

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE LUGGAGE COACH

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

A New "Brain of Our Army"

PERHAPS the most important event of the past week—apart from the secret preparations of Buller and Methuen to rise superior to their reverses and turn the tables on the Boers—was the departure of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts for the seat of war. His "send-off" at Waterloo Station was the occasion of a most remarkable outburst of public feeling, testifying to the firm determination of the nation

to "see the thing successfully through;" and that this calm, inflexible resolve extends from the man in the street to the Monarch on the throne was proved by the opening up of the cheering crowd outside the station to admit the passage on to the platform of such representative personages as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and the First Lord of the Treasury. It has been stated with every appearance of truth that it was for no want of eager application on his part that the Duke of Connaught himself, who commanded the



Colonel Mackinnon, the Assistant Adjutant-General for the Home District, has been selected by the Commander-in-Chief for the appointment of Colonel Commandant of the City of London Imperial Volunteers. He has had a distinguished career in the Army. Our portrait is by Martin Jaccotte, South Kensington

COLONEL W. H. MACKINNON

Guards at Tel-el-Kebir, did not accompany Lord Roberts to the front; and if the Queen herself was not opposed to the gratification of this laudable desire of her soldier son, it is difficult to understand what could

have stood in the way of its fulfilment—the less so as, during the last two days of the great Salisbury Plain manoeuvres of 1898, Sir Redvers Buller, in command of the Southern Army, freely admitted that he had been completely out-generaled by H.R.H. commanding the Northern force—a fact which was patent enough to all observers. In any case the conqueror of Kandahar went to the front without the company of the Queen's soldier son, but with the certain prospect of being joined at Gibraltar by Lord Kitchener. In itself this junction of Lord Roberts and his chief of the staff at Gibraltar, within a time so soon after their appointment, was a triumph of naval organisation in the nature of another brilliant example to the sister service, which has already profited so much during the Boer war from our "first line of defence."

Lessons of the War

But for this premier line of defence it is now perfectly clear that our situation at Ladysmith and elsewhere in South Africa would have been desperate indeed. For there is no denying the lamentable fact that, apart from the vastly superior mobility of the Boers, by reason of their levies consisting exclusively of mounted infantry, they are greatly superior to us in the range and calibre of their cannon, as much so, indeed, as the old-weaponed Austrians at Koniggrätz were inferior to the Prussians with their new needle-guns. Perhaps the most significant, as it certainly was the saddest, statement from the seat of war during the past week was the following paragraph in a letter from the special correspondent of the *Standard*, dated Ladysmith, November 12:—"Only five of our guns can reach the enemy's guns of position. These are the naval pieces, whose ranges vary from 10,000 to 12,000 yards. Had the Boers cut our railway communication before the battle of Lombards Kop, they would have had us at their mercy, for we should have been without long-range guns. Our field artillery would have been powerless. This is one of the lessons of the campaign. We must re-arm our artillery."

But this is by no means the only respect in which we are inferior to the Boers. For, hitherto, we have essayed the impossible task of pitting our foot-folk against their mounted infantry, which, by reason of its mobility, can change its position and effect mass concentrations at any particular point of its front with the celerity of scene-shifting on the stage, so that the Boers may thus be said to have the means of multiplying their defensive numbers to an indefinite degree. Then, again, their purely defensive policy



On November 2 the siege of Ladysmith began in real earnest, and the enemy began to throw shells. "Long Tom" and another gun called "Slim Piet" into the town. The first house hit was that of Mr. Carter, author of "A Narrative of the Boer War." The building was at the time used to accommodate some of Mr. Carter's family having left before the bombardment began

THE FIRST HOUSE HIT DURING THE SHELLING OF LADYSMITH

enables them to select positions which, naturally strong in themselves, are rendered practically impregnable by their skilled system of entrenchment, against which frontal attacks, as amply proved at Magersfontein and Colenso, resolve themselves into a needless, wanton waste of life. But why attack those positions? Why not turn them? The answer is that wide turning movements, requiring time and space, are impossible for troops who cannot carry their supplies with them as a snail carries its house upon its back; and that, in addition to lacking proper artillery, we have also been hitherto wanting in adequate means of transport.

Our New Methods

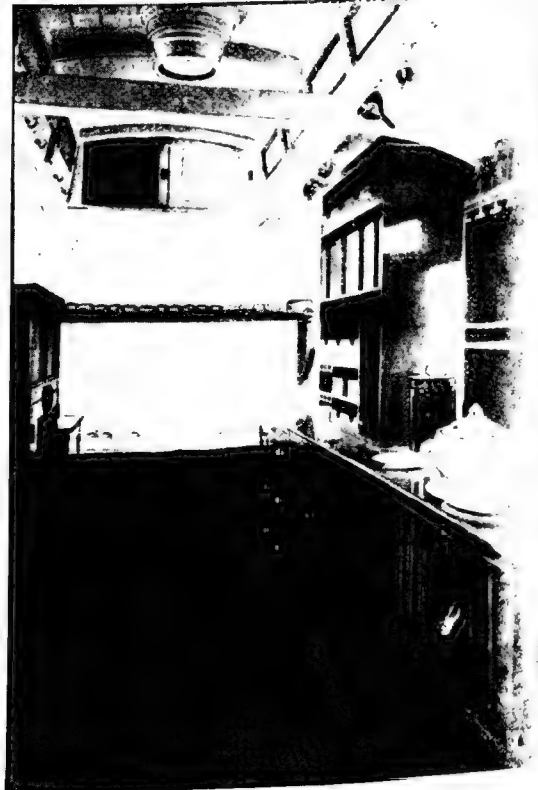
That is why our three main columns of advance under Methuen, Gatacre, and Buller have heretofore been unable to leave their lines of railway, which are to them as so many leading strings. Thousands upon thousands of mules, as we know, have been bought up by our agents in Spain, Italy, North and South America, and shipped to the seat of war, but for the purpose of supply transport with our armies in the field they have hitherto been unavailable. Hence all our hammer-and-tongs frontal attacks—and our reverses. For want of proper transport from Balaclava to Sebastopol—a distance of only eight miles—the army of 25,000 men which we first landed in the Crimea was practically rendered non-effective in five months, as pointed out by Sir Evelyn Wood; and again, for want of proper transport, as much as for lack of proper guns, our three separate armies of this same size, of which the advance is now being barred by the Boers in South Africa, are now condemned to comparative inaction, pending the making good of those defects. It is to be feared that one of these defects, the want of field guns equal at least to those of the Boers, cannot be remedied before the end of the war, and that the lapse of every day tends to repair the lack of our field artillery in respect of carrying power, and when they shall have been rendered thoroughly mobile and thus enabled to make wide flanking movements without incurring the risk of being cut off from supplies which are no longer at their base but in their own hands, they may expect a resumption, with a very different result, of the operations which have meanwhile entered a period of lull.



THE PRINCIPAL WARD



ONE OF THE COACHES



PART OF THE KITCHEN

The Central Red Cross Committee having decided to build, under Sir John Furley's supervision, an entire hospital train, the Borough of Windsor contributed 6,000l., Princess Christian added the balance of her Soudan Sick Fund, and several other contributors made up the necessary cost. The Birmingham Railway Carriage and Waggon Company, at Smethwick, have constructed the train in a wonderfully short time. The train consists of seven bogie "corridor" carriages, each about thirty-six feet in length and eight feet in width, the passage through the centre being continuous. No. 1 is divided into three compartments—for linen and other stores, for two invalid officers, and for two nurses respectively. The second carriage is also divided into three compartments—namely, for two medical officers, a dining-room and a surgery. Nos. 3, 4, 5 and

6 are each constructed to carry eighteen invalids and four hospital orderlies. The beds have been placed in three tiers. By an arrangement of pulleys in the roof each bed with a patient on it can be raised to the proper level by one man, while the hands of the two bearers are left free to guide and steady it in position. No. 7 contains the kitchen and pantry, including berths for two cooks and a companion for each between for the guard. There are perfect hygienic appliances for cooking, several large cisterns containing cold water storage, two large filters, refrigerator, and, in fact, every thing necessary for thirty-seven persons even if they have to live on the train for two or three weeks. Our illustrations are from photographs by Thomas Lewis, Birmingham

THE "PRINCESS CHRISTIAN" HOSPITAL TRAIN



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

Our special artist writes:—"After seven hours' continuous fighting the combined attack upon our position on November 9 failed, and the Boers began to retire exactly at twelve o'clock, when the big guns in the naval redoubts fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday."

Major Altham

Sir George White

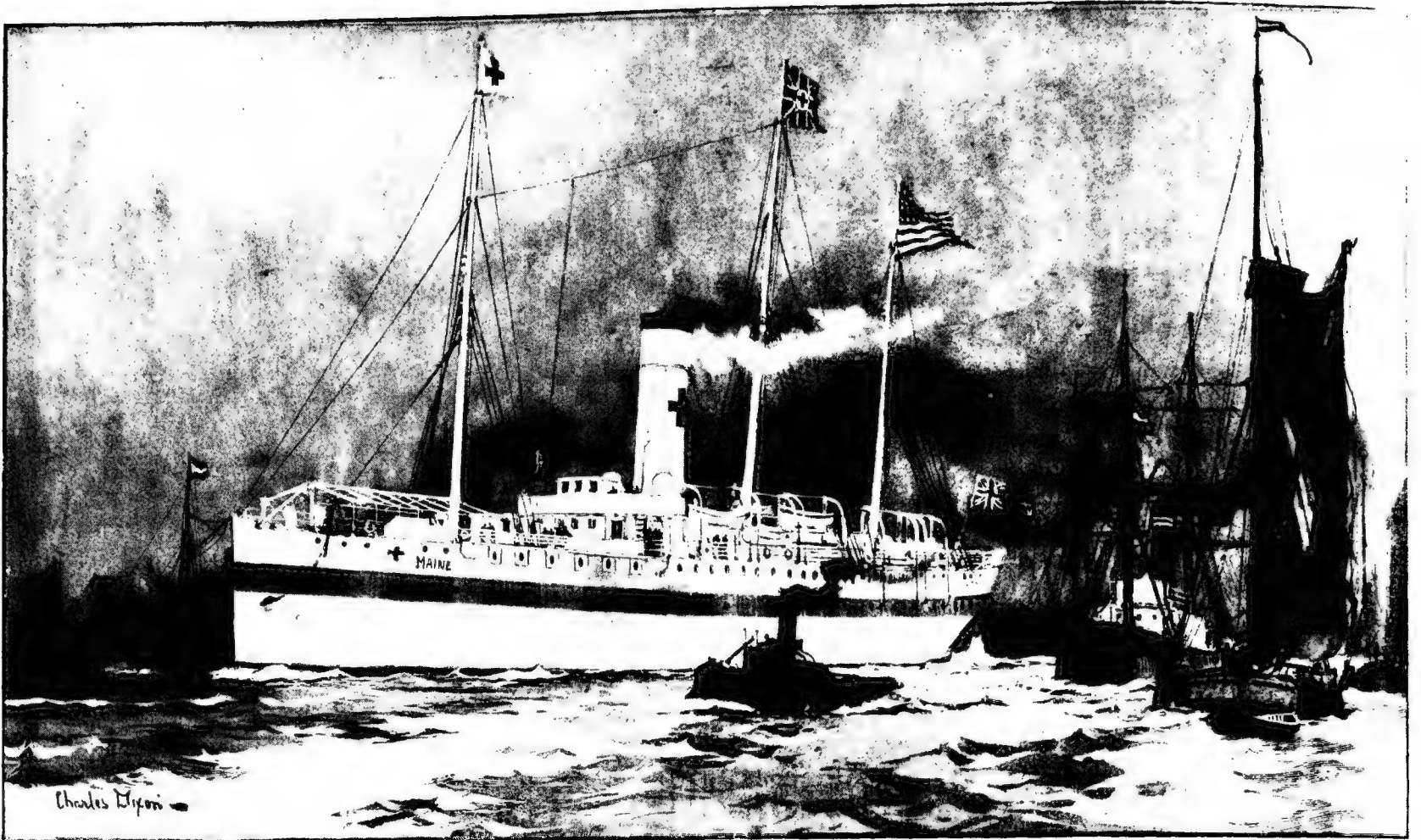
Sir A. Hunter

Major King, A.D.C.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

on the top of the breastwork waved their hats and cheered again and again. The Rifle Brigade, lying in their saucers along the top of the ridge, joined in, and the cheering flew like wildfire from one end of our line to the other."

A ROYAL SALUTE WITH LIVE SHELL: CELEBRATING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BIRTHDAY AT LADYSMITH



AMERICAN AID FOR THE WOUNDED: THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE" LYING OFF GRAVESEND
DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE HON. MRS. EVELYN CLARKE

THE RUSH OF THE "LEICISTERS" FOR LUNCH AFTER A SKIRMISH OUTSIDE LADYSMITH
FIGHTING IS HUNGRY WORK



THE EVENING OF THE DAY: THE SEARCH FOR THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

As the *Cape Times* well remarked: "The educational chapter of the war is now closed. British Generals are going to play the game of war in future, not the game of derring-do." It was just the same with the Federals in America. For them the beginning of the Civil War was also marked by blunders and disasters, due to inexperience. But they soon became apt pupils in the best of all war-schools, that of field manoeuvres with bullets in the guns; and it is not to be feared that our Bullers, our Gatacres, and our Methuens will prove less do-ile to the dictates of bitter experience than the Grants, the Shermans, and the other great Generals of the Union. Thus it was that, after gulping down our Christmas turkey, we all of us drank with confidence to the future exploits of our British soldiers under their experience-taught commanders:

Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.

But those commanders probably realise that there is no occasion for hurry, the less so as the eyes of all Europe are directly upon them in the persons of the military critics of the great Powers who have now joined the staff of General Buller. Why, indeed, should there be any hurry? Ladysmith is not yet in anything like the desperate straits of Lucknow, and its garrison may be counted on to repel all assaults of an enemy who is never weaker than when he assumes the offensive. The only question is as to its stock of provisions, and, equally important, its supply of ammunition—for its naval guns. As to the former, we have it on the authority of the *Standard* correspondent already quoted that, on November 10 last, Ladysmith was still provisioned for "eighty days," which, on full rations, would carry the garrison on till the end of January, while, on a reduced bill of fare, it could hold out much longer. On the other hand, Kimberley is believed to be not less amply supplied with vivres, so that there would appear to be no imperative necessity for either Buller or Methuen to resume the offensive until they shall have been strongly reinforced, especially with guns, and equipped with the due amount of transport for *détour* marching. "Hang all that eagerness!" the country is now exclaiming to those generals, as Colin Campbell sang out to his impatient Highlanders at Balaclava.

As for the internal situation at Ladysmith itself, our information at the time of writing is not of more recent date than the 23rd inst., when there was a casualty list of nine killed and fifteen wounded—the latter including five officers—while on the 16th inst, this loss had been preceded by another casualty list of seven killed and twelve wounded—mostly belonging to the Natal Carabineers. There had also been several deaths from disease, while enteric fever and other maladies were on the increase—though not to an extent to shake the spirit of the garrison, which, on the contrary, receives the news of Buller's reverse "with equanimity."

From the Tugela to the Modder.

On the Colenso side there had been no resumption of serious fighting since the disastrous battle of the 15th, which resulted for us in a total loss of 1,150 killed, wounded, and missing—the list of officers under these respective headings being eight, thirty-six, and twenty-one; and no wonder, seeing that, according to one eyewitness, "as the torrent of bullets dropped on the hard, dry veldt, the dust rose just as the bubbles of water rise on the surface of a pool under a tropical rain." It was rumoured that the eleven guns which we had to abandon, causing some of our officers "to shed tears of rage," had not passed into the possession of the Boers, but remained, derelict, on a kind of debateable ground between the two armies; but the Boers, in their official account of the battle—which "could not have been improved upon by any army in Europe," according to the French and German officers with Joubert—now claim to have captured nine of our cannon with all their ammunition. "Our Mauser rifle fire," said this Boer account, "was so tremendous that the British rolled back like a spent wave, leaving ridges and ridges of dead and dying humanity behind them," while the

Boers themselves only admitted the loss of "thirty killed and wounded," as against the 2,000 at which their loss was put down by some of our own computators! From the Chieveley camp, to which Buller withdrew his decimated force, he subsequently retired it another couple of miles so as to be beyond the range of the Boer artillery, on a particular hill to his right, though this did not prevent him from sending forward on his left some of his lyddite-firing guns to destroy the remaining road bridge over the Tugela—an act which seemed to imply a desire to secure himself against the southward crossing of the river by the Boers, and also cut off the retreat of those who had already crossed. That we are, however, not yet proof against the "surprises" which have worked us such woe may be inferred from the fact that a picket of the 13th Hussars seen in the Chieveley parts was stealthily set upon by a party of about sixty Boers, with the loss to us of two men and six horses.

From the central area of hostilities little or no news has reached us save that General French—against whose name alone no reverses have been yet recorded—made a successful reconnaissance near Arundel with his mounted New Zealanders, who behaved with

most encouraging feature of the whole military situation is the brisk recruiting that is now going on among our own volunteers at the Cape and in Natal, including the raising of another regiment of "Irregular Horse," to be called after its honorary chief, Sir Charles Warren, and commanded by Colonel Broadwood, of the 12th Lancers.

The late Brevet-Major George Lake Sidney Ray, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, was in command of a body of mounted infantry in the battle of Magersfontein on the 11th inst., and was killed while endeavouring to save a comrade. He had previously served with distinction in the Sudan Expedition of last year, for which he obtained a brevet major's rank, and from Egypt went with his regiment to Crete. The regiment came home for a short time, and in the summer was ordered out to South Africa.

Major J. F. W. Charley, who is reported as having done 14 wounds received at the battle on the Tugela, was born in 1857, and was appointed second lieutenant in the 27th Foot in 1875. In November of the same year he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and a company in 1885. He obtained his majority in 1893. From 1889 to 1892 he served as a volunteer, and in 1897 he served with the Tiber Expeditionary Force. Our portrait is by J. J. Thompson, Oxford.

Captain A. H. Goldie, killed at the battle on the Tugela, was born in 1869, and was appointed second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in February, 1891. He obtained his lieutenant's commission in 1892. Our portrait is by W. J. Southsea.

Lieutenant Clare Edmonds, of the Royal Field Artillery, was killed at the battle on the Tugela in the Army in July, 1897. He was made a lieutenant in 1895. Our portrait is by W. J. Aldershot.

Captain M. L. Hughes, killed at the battle on the Tugela, was born in 1867, and was appointed captain in the Royal Artillery in 1890. Our portrait is by W. J. Cassar, Malta.

Lieutenant Nicholas Edmonds, of the 2nd Buffs, was killed at the battle of Magersfontein, was only 19 years of age. He was in the Royal Highlanders in 1893, and was gazetted as a lieutenant in July, 1897. Our portrait is by W. J. Warncliffe, Glasgow.



THE LATE MAJOR G. L. S. RAY
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN M. L. HUGHES
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE MAJOR J. F. W. CHARLEY
Died of wounds received at Colenso



THE LATE LIEUT. N. G. EDMONDS
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. H. GOLDIE
Killed at Colenso



THE LATE LIEUT. C. B. SCHREIBER
Killed at Colenso



The South Australian contingent for service in the Transvaal embarked at Adelaide on board the steamship *Medic*, which has already on board the Victorian and Tasmanian contingents. The streets through which the troops marched on their way to the vessel were thronged with spectators, who cheered the men enthusiastically. Our illustration is from a photograph by S. G. Spi k, Adelaide

"SONS OF THE EMPIRE": THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

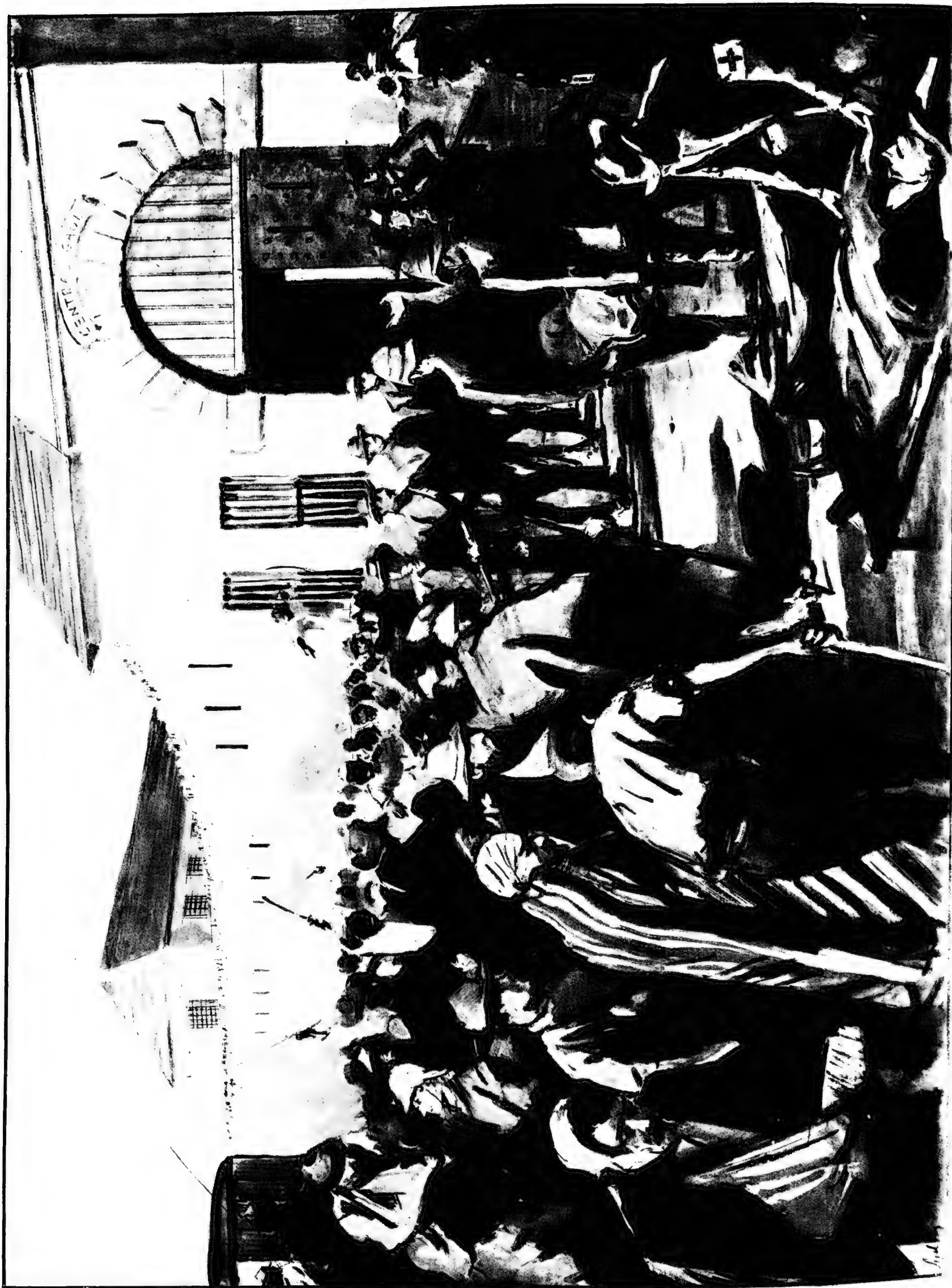
Lord Methuen, in advancing to the relief of Kimberley, fought his third battle with the Boers on November 28. According to the General's own account he found the enemy strongly entrenched and concealed on the Modder River at five a.m. He estimated their strength at 18,000 men, with two large guns and four Krupp guns. The river was full, and there were no means of carrying out any outflanking operation. Half an hour later he commenced an action with

artillery, mounted infantry, and cavalry, and at 6.30 a.m. he attacked the enemy's position in a widely extended formation, the Guards' Brigade under Sir Henry Colville being on the right, and the 9th Brigade under Brigadier-General Pole-Carew on the left, with the naval brigade operating from the railway line. A desperate struggle ensued, which lasted for ten hours, the men being all the time without food or water under a burning sun; but the enemy were at last compelled

to quit their position. General Pole-Carew succeeded in getting a small party across the river, and was gallantly assisted by 300 sappers. Lord Methuen speaks in terms of high praise of the conduct of all engaged in what he describes as "one of the hardest and most trying fights in the annals of the British Army," and he particularly mentions the services rendered by his two field batteries

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER: VIEW OF THE ENGAGEMENT AS SEEN BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS



VICTIMS OF THE BATTLE OF ELANDS LAAGTE: BOER PRISONERS ARRIVING AT PIETERMARITZBURG GAOL



"Your Royal Highness, I crave a hearing. I am Devereux, the present Lord Hawkfield, and—I have reason to believe that that document refers to myself. Will your Royal Highness give permission for it to be read now?"

THE PRINCE REGENT'S HUNT

By CATHERINE ADAMS. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

I.

DISINHERITED

THE cry of the cuckoo, so welcome in April, becomes, by the June is past its first blush, monotonous from its constant repetition.

To the man who, towards the end of the last century, was lying in the large state bedroom of Hawkfield House, the constant call of "cuckoo, cuckoo" was well nigh unendurable. The day was hot, the windows were thrown open at their widest, and the bird's persistent notes came straight across the expanse of park from a grove of fine beech trees.

"Confound that bird!" Lord Hawkfield at length said irritably; then as his old servant looked at him deprecatingly, "Simon, I verily believe that your conscience pricks itself for all your master's sins."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then my Lord asked irritably, "Have not Mr. Devereux and Mr. Humphrey arrived?"

"Mr. Humphrey is here, and is waiting your Lordship's pleasure, but Mr. Devereux is not yet come."

"Laggard!" said the sick man, querulously. But at that moment the sound of a horse's hoofs could be distinguished in the distance.

"Mr. Devereux, no doubt," said Simon, going to the window whence there was an extensive view. "Yes, he is taking the short cut by the Spring Woods. Lord! begging your Lordship's pardon, what a beautiful jump!"

But his master seemed strangely uninterested in his nephew's achievement.

"Now," he muttered, "I shall hear if this dastardly *canard* be true or no."

A few minutes later my Lord's two nephews, Devereux Heron and Humphrey Bolton, were ushered into the room.

Devereux was tall, stalwart, and fair. "A true Heron," thought his uncle, gazing at the handsome lineaments of his favourite nephew. Humphrey was slighter in build and lacked his cousin's good looks and grace of manner. "Humphrey favours his father, whom I detested," thought my Lord.

Devereux, in his manly, straightforward way, went straight to the bed.

"Uncle, I am desperately grieved to find you thus."

"You may spare me your grief, sir," his uncle answered angrily. "Nay," as Humphrey put in a few words of condolence, "I want none of it. It's a matter of business that you have been summoned hither for, a matter which I would wish to have settled before it is too late. Devereux! you have been brought up in the belief that, provided you continued to give me satisfaction, you would succeed to Hawkfield and to the greater part of my fortune?"

"Yes, sir, you have been kind enough to tell me repeatedly that the estates should go with the title."

"Ah! I cannot keep you out of the title, but the estates are not entailed, and if I choose to will them away from you, you would be no better than a pauper. Lord Hawkfield, truly, but a pauper! You understand that much?"

"I understand, as I have understood all along, uncle, that this matter is entirely at your own discretion."

"And now to the point," continued my Lord. "I said just now, that this arrangement should abide so long as you pleased me, but, sir, you have not pleased me latterly. I hear reports—God grant you may be able to refute them!—I hear that you, the future Lord of Hawkfield, have been much of late in the company of some low play-actress. Nay, I hear more! I hear that you even contemplate

the unpardonable crime of seeking to marry the wench. But this report, sir—the old man's voice became almost piteous in its anxiety—"is not true? Tell me, Devereux, that it is but an idle *canard* evolved by your calumniators!"

The young man rose impetuously, his blue eyes flashing.

"It is true! It is true, inasmuch that I do desire with all my heart to make Mistress Mary Lorraine my wife. But she is no low-born woman. No man dare apply such a term to her! She is a gentlewoman, poor, I grant, and she gains her living on the stage; but, uncle, she is as true a gentlewoman as you would wish to welcome as your niece. Her father—"

"Nay! I will not listen to you. But again, in case my infirmities are misleading me, tell me, do I understand that you will persist in marrying this low scum? Do you propose, when I have gone, to bring her here and set her up to reign as Lady Hawkfield?"

"I shall be more than proud, more than honoured, if she will consent to do so," said the young man with all his soul in his eyes.

"You fool! You—fool! She shall never reign here. Hawkfield shall never be yours. If you oppose me in this, if you do not at once promise to give up this crass folly, I shall disinherit you."

"I cannot, I will not give her up."

"Choose! I give you one more chance. Hawkfield and a fortune, or—poverty with the actress wench?"

"I will not give her up."

"Then go! Go! And may you—" A string of imprecations followed.

Devereux gave his uncle one long look, more of sorrow than of anger, and then slowly left the room. As he passed down the wide stone staircase, his pale lips whispered a single word twice.

"Disinherited! Disinherited!"

In the sick-room there was silence for a while, then Lord Hawkfield beckoned to Humphrey Bolton to approach him.

"You heard it?" he gasped, for the interview had tried his strength sorely. "You heard how Devereux would dishonour his name and Hawkfield? But he shall not! for you, you, Humphrey Bolton, shall have what he has lost. Devereux takes the title. Ha, ha! my Lord and my Lady Hawkfield. Beggars! The folly of it! And I loved Devereux, loved him as much as I dislike you. I hated your father and—perhaps I have done you an injustice—I have extended the feeling to his son. But now you shall reap your reward, Hawkfield will be yours, and the fortune which should have been Devereux's will be yours also. No, I want no thanks. Go, and be thankful for what the fates have given you."

Then, with a weary sigh, the old Lord sank back upon his pillows.

Contrary to his own expectation and that of the doctors who attended him, my Lord dragged his pitiful existence along for yet another six months.

It was now December. The air without was bitterly cold and thick with coming snow. The day was darkening. Simon drew the curtains close and lit the candles, taking care to adjust the shades so that the light should not disturb his master, whom he judged to be sleeping. Then he sat down by the side of the bed, patiently waiting until the sick man should rouse.

Suddenly my lord started up in bed. He who was so weak and helpless was sitting bolt upright in the bed without support. Simon gazed at him in astonishment. His eyes were fixed on a corner of the room and his hands were spread out before him as if in deprecation.

"Barbara!" he whispered faintly. "Nay, you never knew it. I kept my secret well, and—you preferred my brother Anthony. And so I kept silence and let him win you. I have stayed lonely all these years for your sweet sake—and, yes, if he had not crossed me, your boy would have been my heir. Nay, do not reproach me so. I will make reparation. It is not yet too late; for your sake, Barbara, I forgive, and—and, yes, I promise."

Then, still sitting up, he turned to Simon.

"This is the last flickering up of the expiring candle, Simon. I have not felt so strong for weeks, but I know what it portends. Death! No, I am not afraid, only, only—there is so little time and so much to do. A little of the cordial, quick!"

With a shaking hand the faithful servant filled the glass and gave it to his master.

"Simon, you are fond of Mr. Devereux, eh?"

"Indeed, my Lord, we all of us love him."

"You would be sorry to see him ousted from Hawkfield?"

"It is a great trouble to me, my Lord, that you decided so."

"Who says that it is decided! Cannot a man, as he wishes, alter his will at the last? Simon, I am dying, and there is so little time; get paper and ink, quickly, and write down what I dictate. And mark you, Simon, this is my last will, and in favour of Mr. Devereux, so keep it safely; do not let that snake, Humphrey, so much as suspect its existence; keep it safely until Devereux himself can come. No," as Simon suggested that his Lordship's lawyer should be sent for, "I do not trust Shenton; he is hand in glove with Humphrey; and there is no time to lose. Lock the door, Simon; we must have no interruptions."

He sank back exhausted. The hand of death was already upon him. As the servant procured the materials required, my Lord prayed as he had never prayed before.

"Not yet, not yet!" he pleaded, as a deadly faintness seized him. "There is something yet to be done. God! I have done so much evil in my time, let me undo this one thing, give me time to right this one wrong before I die."

With a grim tenacity of purpose, and an enormous effort of will, he forced back the deadly foe as he advanced yet nearer to him.

With a tremendous effort he commanded his wandering senses sufficiently to dictate the terms of this, his last will and testament.

"So far, so good," sighed my lord, "but we require witnesses to my signature. You will be one, Simon, but who else can we trust?"

"Mrs. Harford is a discreet and worthy person," suggested Simon.

"Yes, she will do. You can admit her this once; but remember, after, I want no petticoats. I have managed without them so long, I am not going to be fussed and snivelled and prayed over by them now."

"You may rely upon me," said the old servant tearfully, as he left the room.

He soon returned, bringing with him the housekeeper, to whom was explained as quickly as possible the purpose for which she was required.

When the paper was at length signed, folded, sealed, and placed within the inner pocket of Simon's coat, my Lord smiled faintly.

"Simon, I have cheated you out of your annuity. Your signature to that paper would annul any bequest that I might have willed to you, but Mr. Devereux will see to it. He will not forget you, Simon."

"He has a good heart, my Lord, and, if I may say so, the young lady—"

My Lord frowned. "Well?" he said.

"She is a lady, my Lord, and her father was at Oxford in your own time. His name was Lorraine."

"Lorraine! Jack Lorraine, who was killed in that affair off the Doggerbank? And Jack's daughter is a play-actress!"

"She and her mother were starving, my Lord."

Lord Hawkfield made no reply. Presently he said, "Pull back the curtains; there is still a little daylight."

Simon did as he was told, and a faint grey light stole across the casement and made just a glimmering square.

Then my Lord whispered—

"The will! you have it safely, Simon? Do not let my nephew, Humphrey, so much as suspect its existence."

"Trust me, my Lord, he shall not know of it until Mr. Devereux chooses."

Then the Lord of Hawkfield lay very still, watching the pale twilight on the window. Presently, as he watched it, it seemed to glimmer brightly, and then—went out.

Lord Hawkfield was dead.

Simon made no great outcry. The expected had happened; that

was all. Though he grieved at the loss of his master, his mind was so much occupied by the secret he possessed that grief was deadened by anxiety.

He rang the bell and asked the butler to acquaint Mr. Humphrey of the decease of his uncle, and presently Humphrey came and looked on the dead man's face with all becoming and sorrowful mien.

But as he reached the library and shut the door behind him the look of gravity left his face and gave way to one of triumphant exultation. "At last!" he cried, "at last! Hawkfield—all are the sake of a pair of sweet eyes! And oh! my good uncle, if you had but known how far worse a sinner I am in this respect than Devereux! Heavens! what rare doings Polly Sweeting and her pretty crew will have in the old place!" Then Humphrey threw himself into an armchair and indulged in pleasant anticipations of the rollicking future he resolved should be his. Absorbed thus, he did not hear the soft opening and closing of one of the side doors, nor did he hear the stealthy footfall of a man who crept silently away from the house, and who plunged into the woods that lay beyond the grounds.

It was now getting very dark, and as he got out of view of the house, Simon lit a lantern he carried. Snow was falling heavily, and the wind blew fiercely; the old man shivered as he drew his cloak closer around him. On and on he trudged until he came to a clearing in the wood. Here he diverged from the path he had been following, and plunged into a thick labyrinth of undergrowth. Though he looked about and behind uneasily, there was little fear of being followed on such a night, and his footmarks were soon covered by the snow. At last he stopped before a gigantic oak tree.

"It will be safe enough here until Mr. Devereux can come," muttered Simon. "I would not trust it in the house a single night with that lynx-eyed Humphrey."

Hanging the lantern on his wrist, he climbed up the tree, the thick growth of ivy that encircled it giving some foothold. He dragged himself up to where the great branches divided and forked out into the smaller limbs. Here, sitting astride for a minute or so, he paused to take breath, then holding his lantern high he peered into the hollow before him. He drew a little tin despatch-box from his pocket and let it fall gently into the tree. It dropped with a muffled thud on a heap of dead leaves at the bottom. Straining to see if it were safe, Simon lost hold of the lantern and it fell from his loosened grasp into the hollow.

It was impossible to find his way home again in the pitchy darkness and driving snow. He might grope about all night in the dense underwood before he found his way out of the wood. He must climb down as he best could and regain the lantern. He swung himself across, and, clutching at the jagged wood, let himself down. It was deeper than he thought, and he dropped down some eight feet to the bottom. Recovering his lantern, and, placing the precious box securely against the side of the tree, he essayed to climb up again. Alas! there was no friendly ivied foothold, and he slipped repeatedly as he strove to clamber up the slippery, pithy sides. He was weary too. His long attendance on his sick master, the lack of food which in his excitement he had foreborne to take, all combined to render him weak. But he fought against the feeling of lassitude and drowsiness that seemed well-nigh overpowering.

Still the snow fell heavily, and the big flakes came falling through the hollowed space overhead and on to his white, desperate face as he strained his strength to its utmost. At last he was forced to give up trying to climb from his prison, and with the faint hope that in the early morning a keeper might perchance pass that way, and hear his cries for assistance, he crouched shivering to the side of the tree for shelter.

Ah, Heaven! how cold, how bitterly cold it was!

II.

THE BLANKSHIRE HUNT

Ta—Ta—Ta! Tantara! Ta—Ta—Ta! And yet again the echoes ring with the sound of the horn, Ta—Ta—Ta! Tantara! Galloping up one of the rides that lead through the beautiful Spring Woods towards Hawkfield House come the hounds.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has but recently instituted the Blankshire Hunt, and already the neighbourhood is waxing enthusiastic over the doings of this self-same hunt, which is destined to become yet more famous in days to come.

Some ten years have gone by since Lord Hawkfield died and left all his property and fortune to his nephew, Humphrey Bolton.

There have been some remarkable stories current regarding the same Humphrey Bolton, not altogether redounding to that gentleman's credit, and last year, by reason of a very discreditable bit of business, which, however, has nothing to do with the present story, Mr. Bolton was forced to seek retirement on the Continent.

At the present time Hawkfield is rented by the Regent, and the neighbouring gentry are greatly elated to have such an illustrious personage in their close vicinity. For the halo of Royalty, be it known, spreads far beyond the noble brows of those who are born to the purple, and reflects a diffused brilliance on all around. So the good folks living in the neighbourhood of Hawkfield feel vastly obliged to their future Sovereign for deigning to choose the mansion as a sometime residence, and if they do give themselves airs in consequence it is a pardonable pride.

At the ball which his Royal Highness gave last night there had been a crowded attendance, and all the proceedings had been executed with a lavish hand—even to the engagement of a troupe of actors from the Theatre Royal in town. Truly the ball, and the entertainment which preceded it, would never be forgotten! And now, to crown yesterday's grand event, invitations to hunt with the Prince have been sent out far and wide, the result being that a goodly company is assembling on the smooth sward in front of the house. Tightly surcoated gentlemen, in scarlet and bottle green, the latter colour predominant; and ladies in long and flowing riding skirts are riding slowly in and out of the throng of gentlefolk gathered in the front of the house. A little farther back, on the terrace, are a number of the guests staying in the mansion. Amongst these last, and tolerated by them with a certain good-natured air of condescension, mingle the actors and actresses who

distinguished themselves last evening. They have been *commenced* to stay yet another day so as to be ready to amuse the company after dinner.

Among the players there is a couple who keep somewhat apart from their fellows, though by reason of their good looks they attract more than their share of attention. As they move to and fro on the peacock walk they make a handsome pair.

"It was here, Mary, that as a tiny lad I first tried my shuttlecock and battledore; just in front there, on those stone flags, I spun and whipped up my tops. Yonder, behind high trees lie the stables; in the paddock beyond I was taken for a ride; and, do you see those windows faced with white stone? That is the room where my uncle died, and where I was told I—"

"When, dear love, that great wrong was done you, through your love for me you lost your inheritance. Oh, Devereux, how I hate myself when I think of it! And now that I see this beautiful place, and remember that, but for me, it would have been your home, I feel wretched. Alas! Why did Webber see me here?"

"Ah! why, indeed?" answered her husband. "I had no idea that the Prince was here, and, indeed, if we had known, we could scarcely afford to throw up such a lucrative engagement. But Mary, you must not regret. I do not regret. I have you and your little Sybil; you are my all! Worth a thousand Hawkfields. Believe me, I am not so unhappy here to-day."

For the past ten years Devereux and his wife have lived assiduously. He, by writing playlets and by taking such small parts as the manager can be coaxed into giving him; and Mary, always a painstaking actress, has latterly become quite famous.

Strangely enough, Lord Hawkfield, to give Devereux his proper title, is unrecognised by any of the magnates around. This is partly accounted for by his frequent absences from Hawkfield in his uncle's time, but as the groups on the terrace and lawn shift and rearrange themselves, Sir Joshua Dent notices the actor and his wife.

"Gad! What a good-looking couple! And, bless me! what a likeness to that poor young Devereux Heron, who got ousted from this place by that scamp Humphrey! Why, this Signor Ravoni is the very double of poor Dev, and as for that portrait of the fifth Lord Hawkfield, in the dining-room, why, damme! he's the very moral of him."

"Really, Sir Joshua!" protests the lady with him, "I do not look at such creatures. They are vastly entertaining on the stage, but Gentleman George goes a little too far if he thinks that we are going to hob-nob with such people."

There is a sudden pause in the hubbub of chatter that is going on all round, a general turning about of the company as they gaze in the direction of the house, a few moments of hushed expectancy, and then His Royal Highness, booted and arrayed for the chase, comes out on the terrace followed by his gentlemen. There is a general bowing and doffing of hats, and then, as the Regent mounts his horse and gives the signal to the huntsman to move on, the crowd of humbler folk who are looking on from a little distance send up a cheer. This is acknowledged gracefully by His Royal Highness, and the company of horsemen press forward in his wake. Hounds are already trotting briskly to covert.

In a spirit of pure mischief, scenting fun from a supposed non-acquaintance with the saddle, a few young bloods have been pressing some of the actors to ride to hounds. Only, however, in the case of the Signor Ravoni is the offer accepted.

"By George!" exclaims one of these young sparks to a companion, "we shall see some rare sport. I am mounting the signor on Black Angel. Misnamed the animal is, for if ever there was a devil with hounds he is one. Lud! this will amuse His Highness finely, and afford us more sport than the fastest fox old Digory can set afoot to-day!"

"Devereux," whispers the actress, as her husband prepares to mount, be careful, I pray. That horse looks dangerous."

He smiles back confidently. "We shall be very good friends before long," he says, jumping into the saddle. The actor's leathers are not to his liking, and he springs to the ground again to alter them and to tighten the girths.

The young Duke of Letherington watches him sneeringly. "Would you like an extra girth for your ankles, signor?"

"No, I thank your Grace," says the actor calmly, but the Duke mounts angrily to his forehead. "Insolent young fellow!" he mutters as he canters off lightly. "Why should a man who is living honourably be subjected to such insult? It is infamous!"

Black Angel, who has been accustomed to terrorise over a stable lads, and all beside who attempted to ride him, now turns to try his tether. But there is something in the way his new rider grips him with his knees, and a very great deal in the way his apparently gentle hands hold the reins that command his horse. Only a few times has Black Angel been handled like this. His equine conscience remembers vividly that on such occasions when he had tried conclusions with his rider and endeavoured to win the struggle, he (Black Angel) had been ignominiously beaten. He is no raw, inexperienced, nerveless rider, but one whom he has known master; so though he prances and curvets proudly, he behaves in a most exemplary fashion.

"Ah!" remarks a stud-groom to Sir Joshua Dent, as the Duke closely behind Black Angel and his rider, "that's handsomely done. Bless you, sir, they know as well as we who's on the horse. Lud! what a pity the gentleman's only a play-actor."

"He, he, he!" chuckles Sir Joshua, "and I suppose he thought to get a rise out of him."

"Beautiful hands he has to be sure," continues the stud-groom admiringly, "and it's born in folk, so to say, sir."

"Yes," says Sir Joshua, "born in 'em, and the fellow ought to take any credit for it, any more than he need take credit for his looks—what he is." He finishes abruptly, seeing the man's eyes fixed on him. For Sir Joshua's suspicions are thoroughly aroused by the Duke's undoubted capabilities in the saddle.

Ta—Ta—Ta! rings out the horn, and the echoes are answered by its cheery sound. The first covert to be drawn is close to the woods that creep up so closely on the north and west sides of the mansion. The huntsman plunges into the wood, and the rest in and out of the barren undergrowth urges his charges on. Outside, in the ride, the company wait breathlessly, listening with all their ears for the first sound indicating a kill. A single joyous yelp, which is repeated a few times before it is

taken up by the whole pack in noisy chorus, rejoices the hearts of the waiting sportsmen.

"He's broken away by the keeper's cottage," calls an enthusiastic huntsman. "Hooray! we are in for a good thing, if only we can get him across and out of the park."

Away they go down the glade, galloping for all they are worth, out of the wood and into the park. As they reach the open they view the hounds, who appear to have got on to a burning scent, just cresting the hill before them.

"Got them on to him first-class," says Diggory complacently. He feels more responsible than usual, for is not to-day a special day, and one which his Royal master hopes to have red-marked by a good run for his sporting guests?

The going is easy and the field, an exceptionally large one, is not to be diminished just yet awhile. But by-and-bye they come to a fairly formidable obstacle in the shape of a clumsy fence, and the huntsman chuckles thereat.

"This will weed out those as ain't wanted."

Some thirty horsemen clear the fence, but the rest turn and make for the nearest gate.

On, and still on, out of the park, across the road and into the brown fields; hedges and ditches seem to follow in quick succession, and as Diggory looks back over his shoulder he sees that the field has thinned considerably. Now a bullfinch confronts them, and then they find themselves crossing pasture again. Before them a thin silver streak glimmers at the bottom of the hill.

"Babbleton Brook! Now for those whose 'osses don't like water," says the first whip.

His horse is clever enough, water is his speciality, and the pair fly over beautifully. The huntsman's mount fails to secure a good landing-place on the opposite bank, and almost slips down but Diggory has a grasp of iron, and has him up in an instant.

dashing into the thickest part of the wood emerges into a fairly open space where grow a few mighty monarchs of the forest. Selecting the one that is most overgrown with ivy he climbs up deftly, and then crouching a moment in the cradle formed by its great parted limbs he springs downward from view. Three minutes later the hounds come up, the scent is a little broken, and they are scattered in twos and threes. Finally, Diggory, coming up as briskly to the place as the tangled growth of hazel and young beech will allow, finds them surrounding the tree, and frantically jumping up and pawing at the ivy round it.

The huntsman is puzzled.

"You fools!" he says, laying about him with his heavy hunting crop. "Did you see a squirrel running up the tree, my dears?" he asks with fine scorn. "Come on, or you'll lose him, if he's not already gone to ground somewhere round." But there is no sign of any opening to a vulpine underground retreat, and Diggory is still at a standstill as regards the whereabouts of the fox when the two whips and a straggling tail of horsemen work their way to the scene.

"Is he gone to ground, d'ye think?" asks the Duke of Letherington.

"No, your Grace—leastways I don't think just hereabouts."

"Is he up the tree then?"

"No," says Diggory, slashing up at the tree with his whip.

And still the hounds vex and worry continually in their desire to reach their prey.

"Zounds! man! He must be hidden in the ivy. Let Pritchard here climb up and see. Here, man, I will give you a leg up."

By this time there is quite a small crowd of huntsmen around, for those who had been left behind in the early part of the run had ridden back to Hawkfield, and hearing the chase return had quietly joined it when it had re-entered the Spring Woods.

The Prince, too, who had ridden but a short distance across the

"Nay, not I! In my capacity as tenant of Hawkfield I presume that I ought to be present."

And presently the whitened bones of Simon Felton are removed from the hollow tree where they have reposed these ten years or more. From the very bottom of the tree they bring up the rotten garments which long since had dropped from the shrunken body, and as the eyes of the gamekeeper fall on the coat he utters a surprised exclamation.

"It must be Simon Felton as was missed from the house when the old Lord died; and—look at this box, Sir Joshua!"

The small tin despatch-box, bearing the Hawkfield arms and the late Lord's initials, is brought to light.

"This, your Royal Highness, is, I presume, a matter for the coroner?" says Sir Joshua with a questioning look.

"Possibly," says the Prince; "but you, as a magistrate, are surely within your rights in opening it."

Truth to say, the Prince is as anxious as Sir Joshua to sift a matter which savours of mystery.

Sir Joshua unfastens the leathern strap which secures the box. "This is the last will and testament of me, Hubert Henry Devereux, seventh Baron Hawkfield, of Hawkfield Park, Blankshire, and of Leigh House, Middlesex, dated December 15, 1792."

There is a stifled cry from one of the bystanders, a hurried movement as he leaps from his horse and comes close to Sir Joshua.

"Your Royal Highness, I crave a hearing. I am Devereux, the present Lord Hawkfield, and—I have reason to believe that that document refers to myself. Will your Royal Highness give permission for it to be read now?"

"Your Highness's wish is my command," says Sir Joshua suavely, for he is intensely curious as to the contents of the document.

Permission is given, and the magistrate forthwith breaks the seal. The document is concise enough, and leaves everything that the



"AT MONTE CARLO"

FROM "THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP," BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON. (JOHN LANE. ENGLISH COPYRIGHT, JAMES HENDERSON)

Black Angel swerves aside at the supreme moment, but his rider means business, and though he refuses a second time, he is eventually landed on the other side.

"Good! Bravo, Sir Actor," calls the Duke of Letherington, who, to his utter astonishment, beholds the spectacle of Black Angel negotiating water for the first time in his career. Then he, too, lies over the water. Some six others follow, and no more. "A full half-mile to the nearest bridge wiped most of 'em off, your Grace," says Diggory. Then, as he watches the hounds, "Ah! the old varmint," for the pack have turned suddenly to the right, and, tearing up a steep ascent, are bearing back towards Hawkfield Park. Down the opposite slope they go, and, by the strangest of chances, within a hundred yards of the little bridge now being forded by the gentlemen whom Diggory had thought wiped out of the run. With a jubilant view halloo these turn about and now head the field.

"Damn them!" says his Grace. "Be sure they will all talk of the way in which they jumped the brook." However, by dint of hard riding the huntsman and his little following edge up to the others.

"Doubling back for home, the beast!" says Diggory, wrathfully, "and I could have sworn that he was making for Hurstley Down."

Though their quarry is doubling back for home, and will probably ruin what promised to be an extraordinary run by going to ground, Devereux is not disposed to quarrel with him. It is such untold pleasure to have a good horse between his knees again, that, for the moment, all cares for the future and all regrets for the past are unheeded.

And still Reynard foots it merrily back to the Hawkfield woods. Hard-pressed, and not so young and fresh as he would wish to be, the old dog fox is wily enough, and he is pressing on fast towards the goal of which he knows, and which is such a safe hiding-place. Foxes' holes in plenty does Reynard pass, but he eyes them askance, for is there not a wily little terrier who travels with the pack for certain emergencies? No; he knows of a better hiding-place, and

park, and had then returned to the house, has been guided to the spot by an excited keeper.

"Perhaps the tree is hollow, and the fox makes his bed inside," is the suggestion offered by his Royal Highness.

And every one is at once sure, with adulatory criticism, that the Prince's solution is the right one.

But, for a time, the extraordinary discovery that follows upon Pritchard mounting the tree causes Reynard to be left in safety in his lair. As the man climbs up and reaches the bend of the tree, he gives vent to an exclamation. The tree is hollow enough, but though he peers into the dim cavity he can at first distinguish nothing. Then, as his eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, he starts back with his ruddy face turned ashen white, and with chattering teeth he gives vent to a frightful yell of terror.

"Good heavens! man! do not make such a to-do!" remonstrates the Prince, though he, as well as the rest of the company is impressed by that blood-curdling cry. Down comes Pritchard, scrambling at the ivy as he falls rather than climbs down the tree.

"A skeleton! As I am living, there's a skeleton inside that tree."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" ejaculate a few.

"It's the white, pithy bark inside," says the keeper, contemptuously.

"You go and look for yourself, Dick," retorts Pritchard.

The keeper clammers up, and there is an uneasy sense of dread overhanging the onlookers as they wait his report. Perhaps the man of the gun has more courage than the whip; at any rate, he makes no sign of fear, as he laconically observes:

"Pritchard is right. Some fellow has met with his death here."

"This, then, is a matter within your jurisdiction," says the Prince to Sir Joshua Dent, who is a justice of the peace. Sir Joshua fustily interposes his large person before the Regent.

"It may be an unpleasant matter, sire. Possibly you would wish to retire before further investigation."

testator had power to dispose of "to his dearly loved nephew, Devereux Henry Heron."

There is a sob in his voice as, kneeling by the remains of his faithful friend, Devereux says brokenly,

"And you lost your life for me, Simon, dear old friend! I see it all. You stole away from the house in dread of Humphrey, and, bringing the paper here to hide it in safe keeping, you were caught in that fearful snowstorm, and—and—"

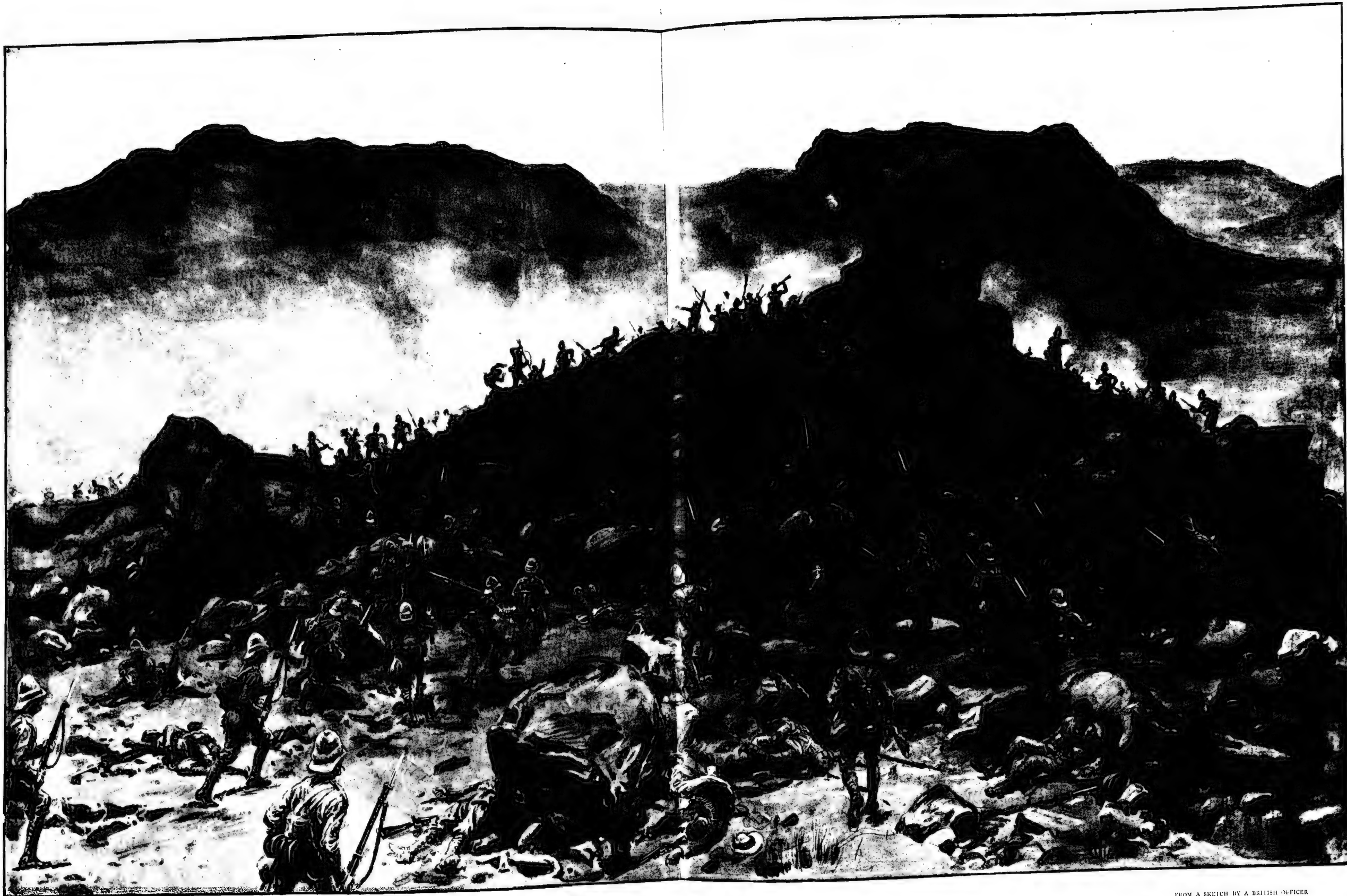
He cannot say more, but takes up the withered, fleshless hand and kisses it reverently.

"Please, your Royal Highness, what are we to do about the fox?" asks Diggory softly.

"There will be no more hunting to-day," says the Regent. laconically.

"The Education of Mr. Pipp"

A NEW folio volume, the fourth of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's drawings, has now been issued, and will be welcomed by all who can appreciate the bold and admirable mastery of line for which this artist is famed. Mr. Gibson is a society cartoonist and a humorist, but his greatest forte is in portraying all that is finest, most distinguished, best groomed, and best bred in young America. His maidens are maidens to fall in love with at sight, his young men are superlative. The series of pictures which the present volume contains are those with which we have become more or less familiar through their publication in various periodicals, namely, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," and they show the whole story of that gentleman's continental tour with his wife and beautiful daughters. ("The Education of Mr. Pipp." By Charles Dana Gibson. New York: R. H. Russell. London: John Lane.)



FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The force under Lord Methuen, advancing to the relief of Kimberley from Orange River, encountered the Boers at Belmont on November 23. The enemy occupied a strong position on a series of hills, and were strongly entrenched. The great features of the battle were the

magnificent dash of our infantry and their enthusiastic cheers as they pressed forward to the attack in the face of terrific volleys. The Scots Guards, on the left, went into action with their band playing, and rushed at the second line of kopjes. There our loss was very severe. The

Grenadiers were on the right. The Boers had constructed strong shelters of boulders, and from behind these screens poured a deadly fire into our men as they advanced. But nothing would stop our men, who carried position after position at the point of the bayonet, and drove

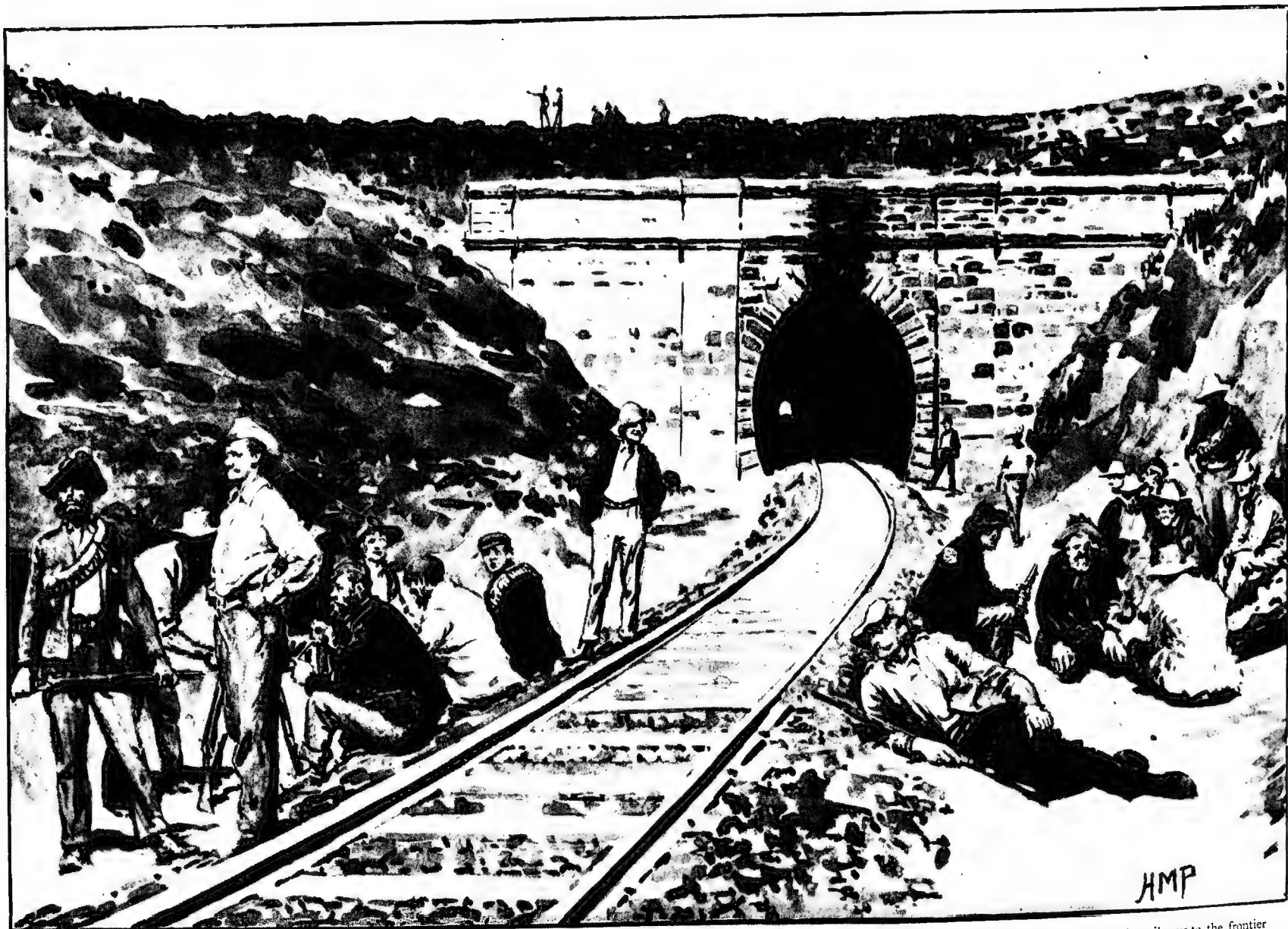
the Boers back with great loss. The whole position was taken, and many guns and all the ammunition, camp equipment and many prisoners were captured. Our loss in killed and wounded was about 220.

LORD METHUEN'S FIRST VICTORY: PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, NOVEMBER 23



General Kock, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Elands Laagte, died of his wounds at Lady-smith on October 31. His body was removed to Pretoria for burial. The funeral, which was at the expense of the State, took place on November 2

A BOER LEADER'S FUNERAL AT PRETORIA



On the outbreak of the war, the railway men employed on the lines in the Orange Free State poured into Cape Colony. There they have been enrolled as guards of the tunnels and culverts of the railways to the frontier

DULL BUT USEFUL WORK: GUARDING A TUNNEL IN CAPE COLONY



"A HERO OF THE RED CROSS"

DRAWN BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.



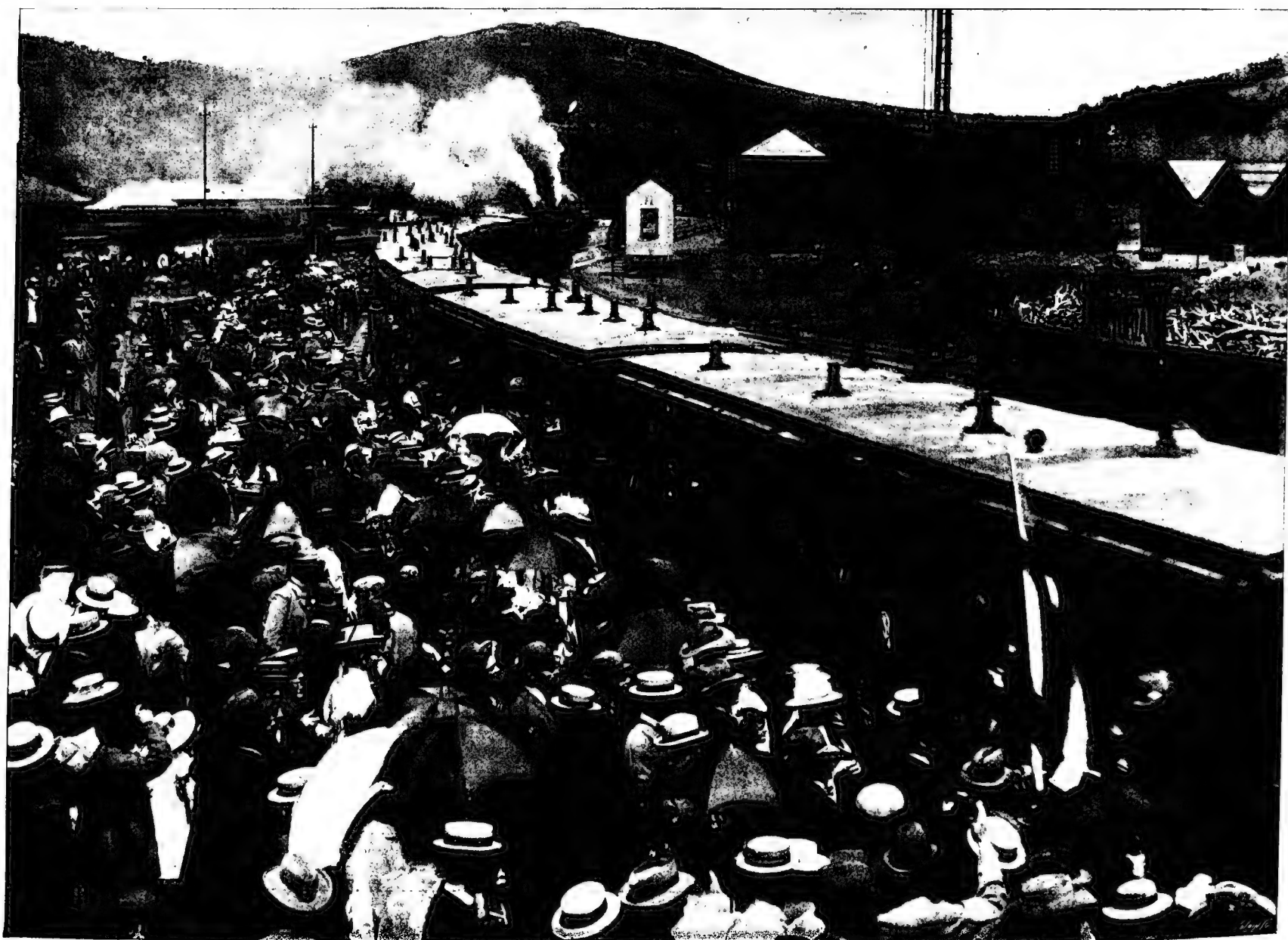
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. PILKINGTON

The wards of the hospital ship *Maine*, which number four, are constructed so as to accommodate 200 patients. The cabins of the doctors and of the nurses are on the main deck. Lady Randolph Churchill, who is going out with the ship, has a pretty fitted deck cabin on the shelter deck. The three medical men accompanying the ship are Dr. Eugene Dodge and Dr. Harry Heth Hodman, of New York, and Dr. Charles

Henry Weber, of Philadelphia. This ship is a duplicate of the *Missouri*, used in the Spanish-American war as a hospital ship; and the best staff that could be found for her has come with her, and will look after our wounded in South Africa. She has a crew of fifty. Colonel Hensman is the British representative on the *Maine*.

AMERICAN AID FOR OUR WOUNDED: A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE"



BOER REINFORCEMENTS: THE PRETORIA TOWN COMMANDO LEAVING FOR THE FRONT



The Dogs' Brigade of Patriotic Collectors for the War Fund numbers nearly a thou and members. Among the owners who have enrolled their dogs in the Brigade are the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Wolseley, and several other ladies prominent in London Society. At a show the other day of these dogs, a prize was

awarded to Sergeant Lodger, whose collie was judged the "best turned out," and had collected 4,000 coins in a very short time

FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE GALLANT DEAD: ONE OF THE PATRIOTIC DOGS' BRIGADE

DRAWN BY BYAM SHAW

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"BLACK CHRISTMAS" will be for ever memorable in the annals of our race. The youth and the chivalry of Great Britain are facing the foe six thousand miles away, and those they have left at home are in continual dread that evil may have befallen them. It is curious, however, that great establishments, such as the Army and Navy Stores, have sold more presents and provisions this Christmas than they ever have before! Anxiety does not seem to have withered the generous instincts of some or the festive capacities of others.

A story is being told of Lord Kitchener which there is reason to believe to be true. Before leaving for Egypt some months ago, an officer who is attached to his staff regretted that they had to return to their duties instead of being despatched to South Africa. "Wait a bit," replied Lord Kitchener, "we will all be there yet." The prediction has been fulfilled.

The death of the Duke of Westminster reminds us that he found the West End covered with slums and with semi-slums and left it covered with palaces. Mount Street, Park Street, Green Street, and a number of the tributaries of these were mostly made up of small dilapidated houses. It would be difficult to make those who belong to the present generation understand what hovels many of these were. Mount Street, a quarter of a century ago, was the fashionable centre for the young men of the day, and a hundred a year was considered an enormous rental to pay for a suite of rooms there. A bath-room was an unknown luxury, the sanitary arrangements were more or less mediæval, there were often gaps in the flooring, and some houses were on the brink of collapse.

Mount Street was in a better condition than many of the others. All those dilapidated buildings have been swept away, and in their place have arisen magnificent houses which are provided with every modern improvement, such as cold and hot water baths, electricity, and lifts. It is true that it has practically ceased to be a "young man's street," for the rents are high in proportion to the improved condition of the "flats," but accommodation is scarcer to find in the street than it ever was formerly.

Had a modern sanitary inspector, in advance of his period, visited the "fashionable" young men's lodging-houses in the West End a quarter of a century ago, he would assuredly have condemned the majority of them as utterly unfit for human habitation. It gives the writer a shock to recall the dingy bedroom, little better than a glorified cupboard, with a window giving on to a yard six feet long by four feet wide, which was attached to an ill-furnished sitting-room—the two being generally admitted to be the most comfortable of the houses were concerned—was in an even more deplorable condition, but as the houses were larger and the lodgings were let to families, the rents were very much higher. Twenty guineas a week during the season months was often asked, and obtained, for a few rooms which would be a disgrace to any moderately well-to-do suburb. The joke of it is this, that the novelists of the day invariably described these hovels as miracles of modern luxury!

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

THE GOLDEN PENNY

is especially interesting this week. In its Illustrations of the War it gives a complete record of the campaign in South Africa.

In addition to this Pictorial Record there are many Articles on the all-absorbing subject of the War, including

HEROES OF THE WAR.

VII.—"RETREAT, BE DAMNED!"

The Story of the Bugler Boy, who saved the day at Elands Laagte.

WAR MONEY, AND HOW BRITAIN RAISES IT.

A most informing Article on the cost of the War, where the money comes from, how it is raised, and the men who are responsible for raising it.

PRESIDENT STEYN'S LOVE STORY.

THE RIVALRY OF REGIMENTS.

Giving the good-natured Chaff of the Army.

There are also a number of Illustrated Articles on Subjects of General Interest:—

A KLONDYKE FUNERAL.

OUR INVENTIONS CORNER.

A TOPSY-TURVY HOUSE FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE BOAR'S HEAD FOR CHRISTMAS AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

WHAT CONSTITUTES A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN? Miss Lily Hanbury gives her views, which are most individual and interesting.

NOTED FOOTBALL CLUBS.

LIX WARRINGTON (N.U.).

A Thrilling Short Story,

CHRONICLES OF A SCIENTIST.

V.—THE WOMAN IN THE PASS.

Christmas Entertainments

By W. MOY THOMAS

DRURY LANE

AMONG the thirty-two pantomimes which have been provided this year for the entertainment of holiday playgoers in town and suburbs Messrs. Sturges and Collins stand by some chance alone in their choice of the legend of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. If time and space did but serve, it might be interesting to inquire into the causes of these preferences, and endeavour, by a Baconian process of induction, to discover the law that governs the pantomime writer's selection from year to year. Certainly the rejection of the story of Jack and his marvellous beans by DRURY LANE's rivals has not been due to any lack in its familiar incidents of opportunities for scenic illustration or pageantry; nor can it be ascribed to any inherent difficulty in the way of grafting on this legend the exuberant humours of Messrs. Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, and Johnnie Danvers. The wonderful cow, who is so recklessly exchanged for a handful of beans by the simple-minded Jack—that primitive prototype of Moses Primrose—is herself eminently suggestive of comic treatment, and the importance attached to this factor in the drolleries of the market scene is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the two performers who are charged with the task of representing the animal are deemed—though the function of one only extends to the simulation of the hind legs—worthy of a mention by their names in the playbill. The performers are Messrs. Queen and Le Brun, who, it will be remembered, played the not less prominent part of the Donkey in the DRURY LANE pantomime of *The Forty Thieves* last year. For the rest, Messrs. Sturges and Collins have not been scrupulous about introducing variations on the old story. So it is that in the DRURY LANE version of the story Jack is the innocent victim of the magic arts of the "Demon Worm" who purchases the Cow in "market overt" for a purse of gold pieces, which turn into beans ere the luckless youth upon whom the romantic Princess Pretty has bestowed her affections has had time to return to the cottage of his mother, known in this variant upon the theme as "Dame Trot." When to this is added that the Dame is provided with a second son—a lubberly youth named Bobbie in the person of Mr. Herbert Campbell; that the Princess is, in like manner, furnished with a father—the remarkable free and easy King Rattatut, represented by Mr. Danvers, it will be seen that an ample foundation has been laid for those comic incidents for the absence of which the Boxing Night patrons of DRURY LANE would not easily be consoled.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth

—whither Jack climbs by the aid of the huge intertwining magic bean stalks, these farcical incidents give way for a time to a more imaginative spirit, and Mr. Glover's tuneful music is less often drowned in the stir and bustle of the stage. After the quiet beauty of the English village, with its pointed church and green, the locale of Dame Trot's cottage; the picturesque panoramic view of the road to the market, the great market hall, with its Royal opening ceremony, and its noise and animation; the garden scene, the roofs of the city, and the unsurpassed glories of the "Land of Harmony" scene, by Mr. Harford, in which the famous Grigolati troupe repeat their beautiful aerial flights, the tranquil beauty of Mr. Emiden's scene of the mountain tops, which opens the second part, gave a welcome feeling of repose. Jack, the Princess, and the Fairy have here possession of the stage, and the sentiment of the story rapidly develops till we come to the grandly grotesque scene of the Fall of the stupendous Giant Blunderbore, or rather Blunder-Boer, whose endless supplies of reinforcements for the British army, so opportunely stowed away in the inexhaustible depths of his pockets, albeit they are his prisons might have secured him a better fate.

Unfortunately, there were some drawbacks to the Boxing Night performance. The mighty maze of pantomime seemed to have suffered from insufficient rehearsals; but that is a fault which must speedily cure itself. A more untoward mischance was the fact that Miss Nellie Stewart, the leading lady who was to have played Jack, was taken ill at the last moment, whence her place had to be filled by Miss Mollie Lowell, who acquitted herself very creditably under the circumstances. The part of the Princess Pretty falls to Miss Maude Nelson, who adds to a pleasing presence the advantage of being an accomplished vocalist. Mr. Dan Leno is the Dame Trot of the cast, Mr. Herbert Campbell the lubberly younger brother Bobbie, while Mr. Danvers appears as the King, Mr. William Morgan as the Demon Worm, Miss Rita Presano as Prince Racket, and Mr. T. Hendon as the Giant Blunderbore. A harlequinade of three scenes was added to this great banquet of humour and scenic beauty; but it came too close upon the stroke of midnight to detain more than a moiety of the great mass of spectators. This is a little hard upon "Whimsical Walker," who is a capital clown.

"PUSS IN BOOTS" AT THE GARRICK

Somewhat unexpectedly the GARRICK has blossomed forth as a pantomime house, under the management of Mr. H. T. Brickwell, whose pantomime of *Puss in Boots* was brought out at this theatre on Tuesday afternoon and repeated on the evening of the same day. It is a highly elaborate production, occupying nearly five hours in representation, and is provided with a long series of brilliant scenes and quite a surfeit of comic episodes. The King's Chamber, with its brilliant ballets; the Harvest Field, in which the Royal picnic gives rise to many whimsical incidents; the Silver Hall of the Ogre's Palace, with its crowded procession of warriors clad in glittering silver, could hardly be surpassed, and certainly no more beautiful spectacle has been seen in pieces of this class than the great Garden of Flowers, with its succession of varied and brilliant ballets, in which nearly one hundred ladies, with their bright costumes and finely contrasted floral emblems, take part. Mr. George Gray, as King Grabbins the 92nd of the Royal House of Hancock, and Mr. Robb Harwood, as his Lord High Chamberlain and constant attendant, are successful in provoking laughter, and so is Mr. George Miller as Dame Shortly, the rich landlady of the Cyclist's Rest whom King Grabbins, attracted by her wealth, raises to the proud position of Queen Consort; but the dialogue

allotted to these boisterous personages is somewhat diffuse, and if the truth must be told is occasionally characterised by a plentiful lack of wit and humour with a corresponding excess of meaningless eccentricities. The charm of the piece centres in Miss Betty Lind as the King's only daughter Ivy, whose song and dance in the refrain of "Just like the Princess in the story," was perhaps the greatest of this sprightly and eminently pleasing actress' successes, unless we except the quaint Doll Part in the first part, in which she figures as the Baby Doll with Mr. Edmond Lauri as the Gollywogg. The tastes of the young folk have been further consulted by the engagement of Mr. Bellonini, an extremely clever juggler, whose feats of dexterity with hats, glasses, knives, and other articles were wonderful to behold. Colin, the miller's younger son, on whom the Princess bestows her love, finds a very handsome representation in Miss Florence Lloyd. Mr. Edward Lauri, as Colin's elder brother, also won favour by some clever songs. But, after all, the hero of the GARRICK pantomime is Slyboots, the cat. Mr. Charles Lauri's cats are old acquaintances of our pantomime audience, but this clever and agile performer has, perhaps, never yet given a more humorous or withal more amusing study of feline habits than on this occasion—down, at least, to the moment when, by the magic influences of the boots, he is endowed with speech and enabled to walk erect and share the fortunes of his affectionate master. *Puss in Boots* is provided with an old-fashioned harlequinade in two scenes, in which those amusing pantomimists, the Messrs. Haine, figure as clown and pantaloon.

"THE SNOW MAN" AT THE LACEPIAN

M. Laurencin's fanciful story, "*L'Homme de Neige*,"—a rather Messrs. Chivot and Vanloo's dramatic version of that popular book—has furnished Mr. Arthur Sturges with something more than the mere foundations of the new fairy play at the LACEPIAN. The pretty legend of the Fairy Queen Ariella, who punishes her lover, Prince Splendid, for his indifference by changing him into a Snow Man who, because he is without a heart, strikes everyone that he approaches with a sudden chill, is substantially followed, even to the extent of introducing the headstrong burgomaster of Bruges, who derisively promises to bestow the hand of his charming daughter Lisa on the poor student Franz, when the latter succeeds in discovering the secret of how to endow the snow image with life. But the English adaptor of *The Snow Man* has greatly elaborated his theme; he has, moreover, provided his story with a more satisfactory denouement, and contrived to impart to the two acts and six tableaux into which the piece is divided a brilliantly spectacular character, which, in alliance with the tuneful music of Mr. Barris and Mr. Walter Slaughter, renders *The Snow Man* quite an ideal piece for refined holiday audiences both young and old. The play, it is true, stands in need of compression; for, if truth must be told, the action drags here and there, while the author shows an unfortunate tendency to repetition. Mr. James Welch's Snow Man promises well at first; but when it begins to be perceived that he has little to do beyond making everybody he approaches shiver and shake, he becomes a from no fault of this clever actor—a trifle tedious. The chief charm of the piece lies in the air of dreamland that pervades it, both in the realm of the Fairy Queen and in the quaint old town of Bruges, in which the terrestrial scenes are laid. The mediæval costumes designed by Mr. Walter Crane, and more particularly those of the children who form so large a proportion of the crowds are very pretty, and the snow-balling scene in the beautiful square at the end of Tableau 3, in which children and citizens join with eager zest, is delightful in its picturesqueness and animation. The importance attached to the musical element in this production is shown by the fact that Mr. Cameron has engaged for the part of the hero Franz Mr. Coattie Pounds, and for that of the heroine Lisa Miss Ruth Davenport, while to Miss Marie Elia is allotted the important part of Ariella. Mr. Stedman's famous choir of boys and girls also render valuable service. Boisterous humour is very properly banished from a piece which is distinguished above all by chasteness and refinement; but Mr. Dallas, as the good-for-nothing Fairy, Mr. Murray King as Lisa's imbecile suitor Mark, Mr. William Cheesman as the obdurate old Burgomaster, and that amazingly clever little boy, Master George Hersee, as the sprightly and playful Philip, were all more or less successful in provoking a moderate sort of mirth.

"THE FORTY THIEVES"

It is well to call the GRAND pantomime *The Forty Thieves* for short. Its real title is *The Forty Thieves; or, Harlequin As the Fortunate Dail, Cassin the Donkey, and the Painted Burglar*. This is sufficiently imposing, but it suggests quantity, and quantity and quality are both amply provided for. It is as bright, amusing and racy a production as any which have been given before at a house which always prides itself on providing the most amusing pantomime in London. Its dialogue is bright and spirited, the songs are catchy, and the setting lacks nothing. The grand ball in the robbers' cave and the transformation scene, the "Valley of the Lilies," in their opposite ways are as charming as they could be. Of course we are treated to a certain amount of pantomime demonstration, and the audience in the Stamp Review have the opportunity for hissing their aversions. The comic business is in the hands of Mr. Harry Randall, Mr. Fred H. Gammage, Mr. W. P. Dempsey, and Mr. Fred Solo. A "Grand" pantomime without the first of these would be like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, and, needless to say, Mr. Randall was as good as ever as Mrs. Ali Baba.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Cyril's Christmas Dream, which forms the principal item in the Christmas programme at the PALACE, is a quaint and original production, which promises to be deservedly popular. It is a judicious mixture of dream, Noah's Ark, and then the scene develops into two by two, according to tradition, and then the scene develops into an ordinary circus—ring, clowns, sawdust, lurching riders, and the rest. One would have liked more of the Lowther and the Noah's Ark business, but doubtless the management are right in giving too much of anything. As it is, all little people are immensely delighted with what is especially a children's entertainment, while their elders may find more to please them than in any more conventional show. Among other attractions at the Crystal Palace are Lord George Sanger's menagerie and a capital marionette show.



The Queen gave a tea party at Windsor Castle on Tuesday afternoon, to which many of the wives and families of the soldiers serving in South Africa were invited. The entertainment took place in St. George's Hall. A Christmas tree 25 feet high stood at the east end, the decoration of which was undertaken by Hall. Several of the Royal Princesses, who personally superintended the arrangements of the bonbons, sweets, and flags. Electric glow-lamps crowned the upper fronds of the tree, and coloured Christmas candles were distributed among the foliage. Tea, coffee, cakes, and other refreshments were abundantly provided for the

company, who included seventy women and 100 children belonging to the families of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the regiments stationed at Windsor and the Reservists living in the neighbourhood. The Queen, on her return from her afternoon drive, proceeded to the hall, and the soldiers' wives and children then passed by Her Majesty and took their places at the table. The Queen was assisted in the distribution of the Christmas tree gifts by several of the Royal Princesses, and remained in the hall till the close of the entertainment.

THE QUEEN AND HER SOLDIERS' FAMILIES: THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT WINDSOR

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



At the Guildhall, on Saturday afternoon, the Lord Mayor and Corporation gave a farewell reception to the Militia Reservists of the 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), who are going out to South Africa to join the Fusilier Brigade in Natal. The troops, who had a very cordial reception both at the

Guildhall and on the march thither from Finsbury Barracks, afterwards entrained at Cannon Street for Dover.

"CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN": THE CITY'S FAREWELL RECEPTION TO RESERVISTS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34 lb. IN 22 DAYS.

A remedy that can be suggested as a cure or for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. Recently received a well-written book, the title of which seems to know what he is talking. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. Our space will not permit of this book; send for it yourself. It appears to be a new book, and it is full of proofs to show that it is a remedy for corpulency. The author, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of the remedy, for in the most straightforward and unbiassed manner he submitted some hundreds of testimonials and unsolicited testimonial letters for publication, and offered us plenty more if required. He asked us to make this remedy known, we cannot do better than publish quotations from the letters submitted. The first one, from a business man, writes from Madrid: "My son, who has reduced his weight in twenty-two days, from 165 lbs. to 131 lbs." Another writes: "So far from losing weight, I have gained 12 lbs. in weight." (a lady writes: "I am just half the size, I find it is successful in my case, I have lost 8 lbs. in weight since I commenced (two months ago). Another writes: "A reduction of 18 lbs. is a great success." A lady from Bourne writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady writes: "It reduced me considerably, not only in weight, but all over." The author is very grateful. He says: "Step on a weighing machine every morning and again on Tuesday, and I assure you that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in your health, and the system of unhealthy accumulations." — *Cork Herald*.

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PATRON: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G. Over 8,000 new Out-patients, involving 50,000 separate attendances, and 300 In-patients are annually relieved. Entirely free to the necessitous poor without Letter of Recommendation. At the present time there are liabilities amounting to £5,000, and contributions towards diminishing the debt will be thankfully received. Bankers, BARCLAY and CO. Secretary, RICHARD KERSHAW.

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Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: President—H.R.H. the Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne. Vice-President—The Marchioness of Waterford. Chairman—The Earl of Erne, K.P. Deputy-Chairman—Lt.-General R. W. Lowry, C.B. Hon. Treas.—H. H. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE Esq. Bankers—Messrs. Barclay & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W. Manageress (Work Depôt)—Miss CAMPBELL 17, North Audley Street W. Secretary—General W. M. LEES, 17, North Audley Street, London, W.

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Patron: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK. The Association has been formed for the purpose of helping, in EVERY POSSIBLE WAY, the seriously invalided and crippled children of the London Poor. It works chiefly by Visitors, each of whom takes charge of one or more children, but it also endeavours to carry out whatever is most calculated to benefit the children placed under its care. Skilled nursing, medical advice, treatment, convalescent aid, loan of invalid carriages, industrial training and surgical appliances are amongst the benefits secured. FUNDS ARE GREATLY NEEDED to meet the heavy expenses, as well as Visitors who may be able to go into the poorer districts.

TIMOTHY HOLMES, F.R.C.S., Chairman of Committee.

ST. JOHN'S HOME, KEMP-TOWN, BRIGHTON,

FOR CONVALESCENT & CRIPPLED CHILDREN. FOUNDED 1875.

Under the sanction of the LORD BISHOP of CHICHESTER.

This Home, "especially constructed for the purpose," is situated in the most healthy part of Brighton, bordering on the Downs, with full southern aspect facing the sea. Girls are received from three to twelve years of age, boys from three to six, but it is hoped arrangements may be eventually made to admit boys up to twelve years of age. Patients are admitted by Subscribers "Letters" free, or on payment of 9s. weekly. Donations and Subscriptions may be paid to the account of St. John's Convalescent Home at Lloyd's Bank, 64 St. James's Street, S.W.; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., North Street, Brighton; or to Miss Borradaile, at the Home, who will gladly supply further information.

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ARE NOW OFFERING A

LARGE SELECTION of CARPETS.

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Which have been made up from REMNANTS and from OLD PATTERNS, and are

SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.

These Carpets are bordered all round and are ready for laying down. On application, if sizes required be given, prices and particulars of stock will be sent.

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A LARGE PURCHASE of these splendid CARPETS has just been completed which enables the firm to offer a few sizes at a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

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13 6 by 9 0 . . 6 5 0	14 0 by 11 0 . . 8 5 0		
11 0 by 10 0 . . 5 15 0	15 0 by 11 0 . . 8 16 0		
12 0 by 10 0 . . 6 5 0	13 0 by 12 0 . . 8 5 0		
13 6 by 10 0 . . 7 0 0	14 0 by 12 0 . . 8 15 0		
12 0 by 11 0 . . 7 0 0	16 0 by 12 0 . . 10 0 0		
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7 6 by 5 2 . . 2 6 0	11 10 by 8 3 . . 6 4 0		
7 9 by 5 2 . . 2 14 0	12 8 by 8 1 . . 6 5 0		
7 6 by 6 3 . . 2 17 0	11 3 by 9 5 . . 6 8 0		
9 6 by 6 0 . . 3 6 0	11 10 by 9 5 . . 6 10 0		
8 7 by 7 0 . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . 7 2 0		
8 10 by 7 1 . . 3 13 0	11 10 by 9 10 . . 7 3 0		
9 5 by 7 3 . . 4 4 0	12 11 by 9 6 . . 7 4 0		
10 4 by 7 5 . . 4 14 0	12 4 by 10 7 . . 7 11 0		
10 4 by 7 7 . . 5 0 0	12 11 by 10 2 . . 7 14 0		
11 0 by 8 0 . . 5 2 0	13 1 by 9 11 . . 8 7 0		
12 2 by 8 11 . . 5 3 0	13 11 by 10 1 . . 9 0 0		
9 7 by 8 6 . . 5 4 0	14 11 by 10 8 . . 9 6 0		
10 11 by 7 11 . . 5 6 0	14 0 by 11 6 . . 10 6 0		
11 5 by 7 3 . . 5 7 0	14 11 by 12 2 . . 11 12 0		
12 4 by 7 9 . . 5 12 0	15 4 by 12 3 . . 11 0 0		
11 5 by 9 0 . . 6 0 0	15 11 by 11 7 . . 11 6 0		
12 2 by 7 11 . . 6 3 0			

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A CATALOGUE of ALL the BEST FLOOR COVERINGS POST FREE.

but it is doubtful whether either of these will rival in point of popularity Mr. Lockhart's performing elephants, or Holloway's diving horses, which leap from a height of forty feet into a tank twelve feet deep.

SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA

The great show at OLYMPIA has been deprecated by some as not being in the best of taste at the present moment, but beyond doubt it attracts a vast and loyal audience delighted to revel in the struggles between Britons, Boers, Colonials, and natives. The various scenes are vivid, picturesque, and most stirring, whether it be the sleeping Boer encampment raided by mauling lions, the stampede of animals in the British camp, the fight between the Colonists and the Zulus, and the retreat across the mountain torrent of the ox-wagon, with its load of rescued Boers, or the alarm of the great King's Kraal and the hurried retreat of his warriors to the shelter of the mountains. Not the least of the attractions, though, are the presentations of the much discussed armoured train and of the Naval Brigade, with its Maxim gun. The cleverly painted scenery helps all the illusions, and cannot but tend to impress all beholders that war in such surroundings and against such foes must of necessity be a long and difficult business.

At the ALHAMBRA Mr. Harrison Brockbank is now singing "The Absent-minded Beggar," the new ballet *Soldiers of the Queen* is being received with undiminished approval, while two or three newcomers have been introduced into the programme, as, for example, an exceedingly clever juggling company and the Deonza brothers, "barrel performers." The gigantic war map, which is shown during the interval, enables every one to see at a glance the disposition of British and Boer forces.

At the EMPIRE, Mrs. Brown Potter's rendering of "Ordered to the Front" still holds its own, and, in point of fact, Mrs. Potter has scored where many have failed. The ever-popular *Round the Town Again*, shows no signs of growing old, and the splendour, variety, and gaiety of its scenes afford endless delight. Les Alex, a troupe of sensational dancers, afford the most striking novelty in the programme, and their whirlwind dance is very astonishing, while, in addition, performing cockatoos, wonderful bicyclists, champion trapezists and jumpers lend variety to the entertainment.

At the AQUARIUM one unceasing round of entertainment delights holiday-makers, and on one of the coldest, muddiest, and most unpleasant nights of the season one could easily understand how it was that this rambling building at Westminster came to be crammed. True, one turned up just at the moment when Miss Luker was about to precipitate herself a hundred feet into a tank of water, which looked chilly enough, but there were plenty of warmer turns, such as knife and tomahawk throwing, dancing, and trapeze work.



THE LATE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS
The "Soldier's Bishop"



THE LATE LORD LUDLOW
Late Lord Justice of Appeal



THE LATE M. C. LAMOREUX
Musical Conductor

The Late M. C. Lamoureux

M. CHARLES LAMOREUX, the famous *chef d'orchestre*, for more than twenty years exerted all his great talents to develop the appreciation of classical music, and in particular to initiate the French public in the beauties of the works of the great foreign masters. In Paris he remained the constant defender of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Haydn, Weber, and Mozart, and it was he who first introduced and rendered popular the works of Wagner. Charles Lamoureux's death is a great loss for musical art. He died with extreme suddenness, and two hours after his death his habitual auditors received the magnificent programme, on which figured Sarasate's name, which was intended to give last Sunday at his fifth concert. He had been conducted for the last time *Tristan and Isolde*. Our portrait is by P. Petit and Son, Paris.

A Great War Artist's Exhibition

THAT William Simpson was one of the most extraordinary men who ever followed the career of war artist has often been said, and is, indeed, generally accepted. If any would have ocular proof of what such an artist's life means, he should go to the Graves' Gallery in Pall Mall, and there among some six score drawings, mostly made during his long connection with the *Illustrated London News*, revisit the great scenes which the last half-century has woven into history. Mr. Simpson, R.I., was a man of many parts. He was one of the best and most successful practitioners of lithography, and one of the best to show its full capabilities in two or three tints. Then he became war correspondent when the Crimean War was raging, thus beginning an adventurous career which eventually took him to Circassia, India and Cashmere, St. Petersburg (for the wedding of the Tsarevitch in 1866), to Magdala with Lord Napier, to Suez, the Holy Land and Egypt, to France and Germany when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, serving with both sides, and witnessing its close; then to China to be present at the Emperor's wedding in defiance of death penalties; then to India for the Prince of Wales's tour; then, again, to Afghanistan for the campaign, and to Persia for the North-West Boundaries Commission. The rich stream of drawings produced by this Archibald Forbes of the war artists constituted, of course, the main work of his life of action; but he had his hobbies, too, and wrote learned books on Fire-Temples, on Prayer-Wheels, and so forth, which showed how well-stored was his mind and how imaginative, cultivated, and well-ordered, too.

The large collection of drawings here shown represent a great variety of scenes, events, and subjects, all of them interesting. Here we see "The Solitary Survivor," Dr. Brydone, arriving at Jellalabad—"the remnant of an army." Close by Her Majesty the Queen is presiding over a quiet dance at Balmoral Castle, then a view of the inner lines at Balaclava and of Sevastopol, and beside it the artillery struggling in "A Difficult Bit in the Khyber Pass, 1878." It is a show to be visited by all.

The Late Lord Ludlow

LORD LUDLOW, who was better known as Lord Justice Lopes, became a Q.C. in 1852. He sat for some time as M.P. for Launceston and Frome, and in 1876 was appointed a judge of the High Court. In 1885 he was made a Lord Justice of Appeal, and in 1897 he was created a peer. He was seventy-two years of age, and had been in ailing health for some time. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Late Rev. Arthur Robins

THE Rev. Arthur Robins, who was popularly known as "the soldier's Bishop," was the Rector of Holy Trinity, Windsor. He was a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and to the Household Brigade, and was born in Westminster in 1834. He received his education at Oxford. His Master of Arts degree was given to him by Archbishop Longley, of Canterbury, "for great services rendered to the Church." He was ordained to the curacy of St. Clement's, Oxford, in 1866, by Bishop Wilberforce, and was afterwards curate at Burnham, Hitcham, and Bakewell. He was appointed Rector of Beaulieu in 1873, and in the same year he left there to go to Windsor. He was the author of many hymns suitable for the use of soldiers, in whose welfare he took the keenest interest. Our portrait is by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

SOME stirring verses, entitled "Forward to the Front," have been written by Mr. A. T. Morgan, of Whitehaven, and are published at a penny and twopence a copy—the proceeds to be devoted to the Fund in aid of the widows and orphans of our troops who have been killed in the War in South Africa.

TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!



"Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE."

REKIN

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you CREATE for the World A DESTINY more SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT THESE you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke ere half its sands are run.

THE TRANSVAAL!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.
LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

Lytelburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED. I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'. I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the FLY COUNTRY. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH.'

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED a SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition, is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



from Africa

"MORTUARI TE SALUTANT"

The din of the battlefield dies,
The shout of the fugitives is still,
No more from the deep-revered hill
The murderous battle's bolt flies.
Here alone 'mid the silent slain,
Alone with no comforter nigh,
Too feeble for fear, or for pain,
'Neath strange stars in the pitiless sky,
I make ready to die.

Here soon with the dawn's dim light,
Or maybe in the lantern-lit dark,
They will find me stretched cold and stark,
A soldier who died in the night.
Is it I who lie helpless here, I
Who this morning went radiant with life
To drink the delight of the strife?
I whose life ebbs away as I lie
Making ready to die?

'Tis Christmastide over the Earth,
And through all our dear England to-night
Hearths glow ruddy and hearts are light
For joy of that marvellous birth.
Ah! if only some vision might come
Of the dear ones my eyes cannot see!
If some token of love might be vailed to me
From the silent lips in the well-loved home
Ere my time comes to die!

Heaven! what is this comforting hand,
Which touches my fast-closing eyes?
This Presence which opens a door in the skies,
Where all my beloved stand?
See, see, 'tis my mother's kind face!
Smiling grave 'neath her silvery hair,
And my dearest love bending beside her chair!
And my children's innocent grace,
All are here, as I lie!

They are joyous, dear children! at play
With the spoils of the old Christmas tree,
Heaven keep them from hurt and calamity free
Till their sunny locks are grey.
My brave boy has his sword and his gun,
Like the soldier he wears to be.
Can I wish for him more, when his life is done,
Than to fall for our England, if need shall be,
And die happy like me?

Thank Heaven for the vision, my heart
Beats high for a moment still,
As when we charged up this death-dealing hill,
Each man striving to do his part.
I am troubled no longer, but lie
Happy, thinking of hearth and of home.
I rejoice that my dear ones were given to come,
I grow faint, it has come, I am ready to die!
Oh my England, oh loved ones, good-bye!

Leon Murray





A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

Make the New Year bright ;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

Make it bright by making home bright ;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

Make it bright, by making work light.
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

BROOKE'S SOAP

MONKEY BRAND

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

A Bright Home makes a Bright Heart ;
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.

A Bright Heart is the sequel of light work !
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.

A Bright New Year is what everyone wants ;
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.

Makes **COPPER** like **GOLD**, **TIN** like **SILVER**, **BRASS** like **MIRRORS**, **CROCKERY** like **MARBLE**, **WINDOWS** like **CRYSTAL**.

Books of the Season

FACT AND FANCY

To work out a new vein in boys' books of adventure is no light matter nowadays, but Mr. Herbert Hayens is one of the few writers who brings forward something original. Last year his theme was the hapless Maximilian of Mexico. This year, in "A Vanished Nation" (Nelson), he deals with another struggle for independence among the South American States—the fight between Paraguay and Brazil. The book paints a vivid picture of the barbarous Dictator Lopez and his cruelties, the boy-hero being one of his victims, and truth and fiction are so neatly mixed that the narrative is most fascinating. Our own land provides the next romance, for the Rev. E. Gilliat has yet another portrait to present of his favourite hero, Robin Hood. In "Wolf's Head" (Seeley) the Prince of Outlaws reappears in his lawful state as Earl of Huntingdon, but is forced to take again to the bonny greenwood. Just the book to enchant a boy. No less delightful is Mr. C. W. Whistler's fresh telling of the old legend of "Havelok the Dane" (Nelson), cunningly worked up from the various versions into a most exciting story. Another tale of early England, but some centuries later, comes from Miss Evelyn Everett-Green—"The Heir of Hascombe Hall" (Nelson). Though not so stirring as the previous trio, this story of mistaken identity is well worked out, Miss Green being so thoroughly at home with the manners and customs of the olden times. There is a touch of history, too, in "Phil and I" (Nelson), by Paul Blake, for the two boy heroes are an English lad and a French *émigré* in the days of the great French Revolution, and enjoy many sensational experiences together.

SCHOOL LIFE AND ADVENTURE

As boys always like tales about school, a quartette of such stories will be welcomed. "Boys of the Priory School" (Blackie), by Florence Coombe, and "Wynport College" (Blackie), by F. Harrison, are nice, wholesome specimens of their type, with the usual attractions of cricket matches, bad boys bringing good boys into trouble, and virtue finally triumphant. "The Spy in the School" (Chambers), by Andrew Home, is distinctly improbable, while the most original of the four is "The Boys of Dormitory Three" (Routledge), by H. Barrow North, which has plenty of life and go. Some little disappointment will be felt in "The Young Master of Hyson Hall" (Chatto and Windus), for Mr. Frank Stockton's name on the title-page always arouses high expectations. Though amusing in a

degree, it is certainly not up to Mr. Stockton's usual standard. Nor is there much novelty in "Mirango, the Man Eater" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), where C. Dudley Lampen takes

exchange of offspring is happily effected. Mr. Mahony's illustrations are a great feature. ("Dot and the Kangaroo." By Ethel C. Pedley. Illustrations by Frank P. Mahony. Thomas Burleigh.)



The Platypus sings of Antediluvian Days

From "Dot and the Kangaroo." By Ethel C. Pedley. Illustrated by Frank P. Mahony. (Thomas Burleigh)

up the well-worn theme of treasure-seeking amongst a mysterious tribe in strange regions, with cannibals and a lovely Princess to increase the interest.

AMONG THE ANIMAL CREATION

What boy does not love queer pets? And so what boy can fail to enjoy the thumbnail studies of pets, which Mr. Wardlaw Kennedy provides in "Beasts" (Macmillan)—no doubt a keen lover of his odd subjects. Strange beasts they are, the armadillo and the mongoose which ranged the study, the white rat which collected everything even to coals, Pharaoh, the alligator, the python, the lizards, the tree frogs and the tortoises which fought over the worms. Mr. Frank Buckland, Mr. Kennedy watches over a brood of his pets, and describes their doings with no slight humour, while Mr. Spence's drawings add to the attraction of the book. Two volumes on our feathered friends depend mostly on their illustrations, "A Book of Birds" (Blackie), by Carton Moore, providing some very striking pictures with short prose descriptions, while the "Picture Book from Budland" (Dent), by M. and J. Detmold, combine verses with the colour drawings. The latter shows considerable promise, for the two young artists are only lads of fifteen. Going back to the beasts, "Tommy Smith's Animals" (Methuen), by Edmond Selous, is a very ingenious effort to teach young people natural history by making the animals themselves tell their doings to a naughty little boy.

"DOT AND THE KANGAROO"

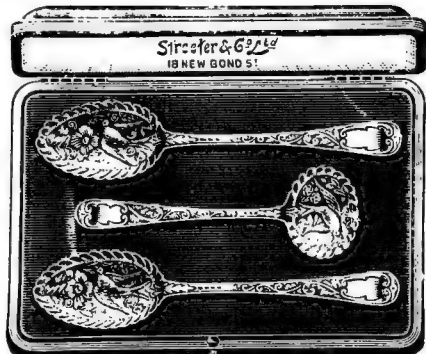
This is a story of Australia by an Australian—the late Miss Pedley—and written expressly for Australian children, with the idea of enlisting their sympathies on behalf of the many strange birds and beasts which make the island continent their home. It tells of how little Dot, a squatter's child, loses her way in the bush and is befriended by a motherly old kangaroo, who is herself miserable because she has lost her young one. The worthy animal takes care of Dot, carries her about in her pouch, and eventually, after introducing her to many interesting creatures, including that freakish survival of a bygone era, the Duck-billed Platypus, succeeds in restoring her to her father and mother. And at this juncture the long arm of coincidence comes in, for, oddly enough, the squatter and his wife have found and protected the baby kangaroo, so an exchange of offspring is happily effected. Mr. Mahony's illustrations are a great feature. ("Dot and the Kangaroo." By Ethel C. Pedley. Illustrations by Frank P. Mahony. Thomas Burleigh.)

SILVERSMITHS.

JEWELLERS.

Solid Silver Brandy Saucepan, with Stand and Lamp.
In three sizes, £2, £2 10s., £3.Solid Silver-mounted Cut Glass Scent Bottle.
Diameter 3½ in., £1; 4 in., £1 5s.

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Two Richly Chased Solid Silver Fruit Spoons and Sugar Sifter in Case, £3 7s. 6d.
Two Spoons only in Case, £2 5s.

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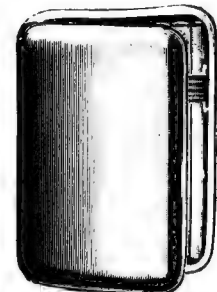
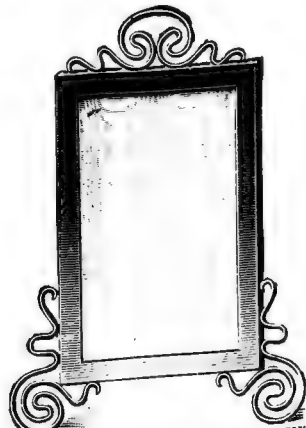
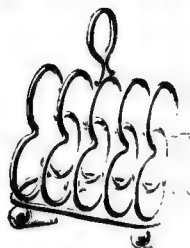
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Captain Loraine holding the parachute after it became detached from the balloon
THE BALLOON ACCIDENT IN NEW ZEALAND

A Fatal Balloon Accident

A BALLOON ascent was made at Lancaster Park, Christchurch, N.Z. on November 2, by Captain Loraine, who had made two previous successful ascents. His intention was to descend by means of a parachute. Just as the balloon was leaving the ground one end of the parachute became slightly entangled, and wrenched the end attached to the balloon from its fastening to the side of the balloon, thus the whole weight of the parachute devolved upon the captain, who had hold of the trapeze end. He held on for some time, but as the parachute opened and became heavier he was forced to let go. On the release of the parachute the balloon ascended very rapidly, and was driven by a strong north-west wind towards Port Lyttleton, nine miles distant, and eventually fell into the sea just off Port Levy, the look-out station for Lyttleton. The news of the accident had been telephoned to Lyttleton, and a tug was at once despatched to search for it, but was unsuccessful. Neither the balloon nor body of the unfortunate man have been found. Captain Loraine was seen trying to climb up to the balloon to try to let the gas out, and also to try and rock it so as to partially upset and let gas escape, and it is surmised that he succeeded in the latter

attempt, as the balloon very rapidly fell. No accurate guess can be given of the height he ascended, experts varying in their surmises from 20,000 to 15,000 feet. There was neither car nor safety-valve attached to the balloon. The watchman at Port Levy states that he saw Captain Loraine swimming after his fall into the water, and that he was clear of the balloon. The coast at this part is noted for sharks. Captain Loraine was well known as a balloonist at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces; he also was a military instructor in ballooning in the Imperial Army. Our illustrations are from photographs by R. W. B. Chambers.

"The Life of Wellington"

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of volumes that have already appeared dealing with the Duke of Wellington and his campaigns, it has remained for Sir Herbert Maxwell to produce the work which will stand for the future, as the fullest, the most complete authority on the military and political career of England's most successful, and maybe her greatest, military commander.

When Messrs. Sampson Low and Company determined to bring out a companion work to Captain Mahan's masterly "Life of Nelson," it was to Sir Herbert Maxwell that they applied, but it was not without "serious reflection and considerable hesitation" that he accepted the responsibility of undertaking so important a task. Sir Herbert Maxwell is well known to the reading public as a most versatile writer, and it seems hardly necessary for us to say that the publishers would have had considerable difficulty in finding a man better qualified than he for the onerous task of writing the history of a life so full of incident, so important as regards the history—to say nothing of the geography—of Europe, as was that of the Duke of Wellington. Before going further, it is interesting to note, not only as showing the magnitude of the author's undertaking, but also the industry of the Duke of Wellington as a penman, the enormous amount of material that had to be examined by the writer. Besides the histories and biographies relating to the Duke, he had at his disposal numbers of private papers belonging to the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord de Ros, Hon. Maud Winn, and others, and Wellington's own despatches. "There is far more than these. The second Duke of Wellington used to say to his old schoolfellow, the late Mr. John Murray: 'I cannot write my father's life, but I can at least see that the material is there for a biographer some day.' Accordingly, with praiseworthy diligence, he set to work and edited fourteen volumes of supplementary military despatches, and eight volumes of civil correspondence. Here, then, are (including Wellington's despatches) thirty-four volumes, each containing, on an average, about six hundred and fifty closely printed pages."

Sir Herbert Maxwell devotes but few pages to the early life of his hero. As a schoolboy Arthur Wellesley showed no signs of brilliancy or precocity; he is usually described as being rather stupid. His mother, the Countess of Mornington, is said to have disliked him on account of his "slow, thick speech, and dull manner, which gave him an air of stupidity." She declared that he was "fool for powder and nothing more." Our biographer says, however:—"Reserved, apparently dull, as he was in youth, Arthur Wellesley must have been more observant than he got credit for; he was 'The Life of Wellington.' By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (Sampson Low and Co.)



The balloon ascending after the parachute fell
THE BALLOON ACCIDENT IN NEW ZEALAND

certainly stored his memory with more general knowledge, more brilliant boy might have retained."

His promotion, when once in the Army, was rapid, but was due to family influence and timely pecuniary assistance in purchasing a commission. He was barely eighteen when he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd Foot, but he saw no active service until, as colonel of the 1st Regiment, he sailed for the Netherlands in 1794, being then twenty-five years of age. Wellington's faculty for "rapid and correct calculations" is a factor to be taken into consideration when accounting for his successes. The Rev. G. R. Gleig records that he had heard Wellington say more than once that his special talent was rapid and correct calculations, and that, "if circumstances had not made him a soldier, he probably would have become distinguished in public life as a financier."

Another reason for Wellington's success is given in his own words. The author tells how Wellesley, during the retreat through Holland in 1794, held a post on the Waal from October to January, during which time he only once saw a general officer. He perceived the full evil of such defective organisation, and used to say afterwards, "The real reason why I succeeded in my campaigns is because I was always on the spot—I saw everything, and did everything for myself."



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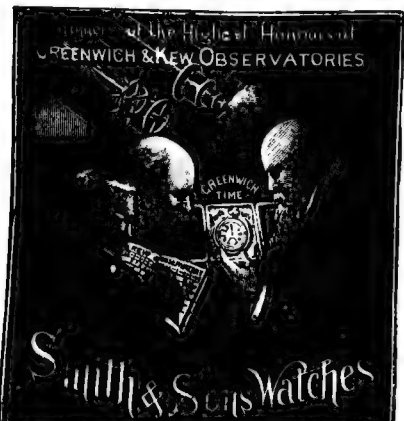
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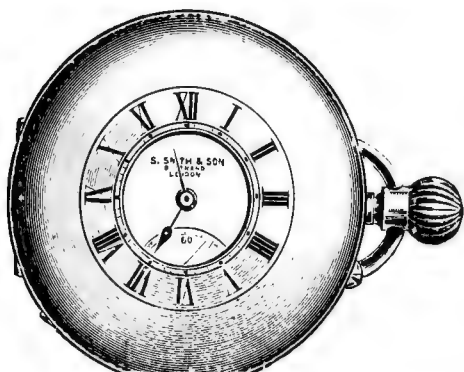
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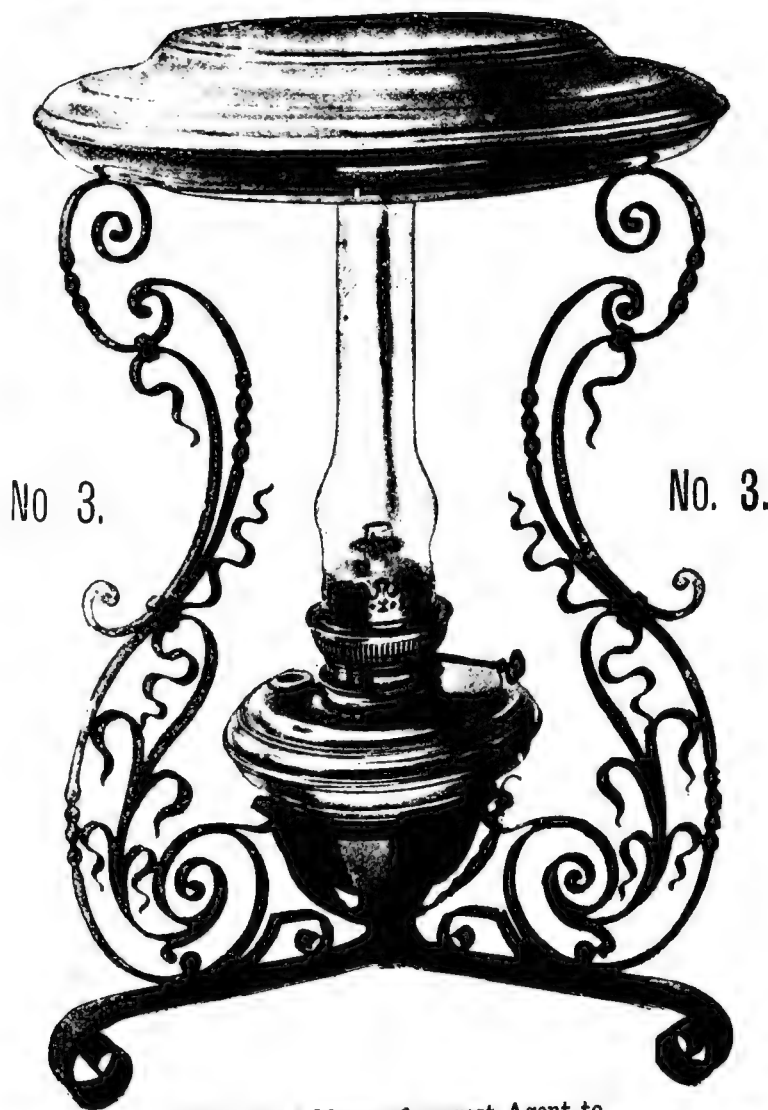
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ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.
72 in a Tube for 1/1½.

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Here we have an example of Wellesley's "correct calculation." During the Mahratta campaign he had been long separated from Stevenson, often of a distance of hundreds of miles, but maintained constant communication by runners. Shortly before the battle of Argoum, he perceived one day in the distance dust raised by a body of troops, and ordered an officer to ride off and desire Stevenson to wait at a certain village where the two divisions might meet :—

"But suppose," said the officer, "it should not be Colonel Stevenson?"
"Why then," replied Wellesley, "you are mounted on a damned good horse, and you have eyes in your head; you must ride off as hard as you can."
The native officers on his Staff expressed much surprise at their General's discernment.
"How," they asked, "can you tell Colonel Stevenson's dust from any other dust?"
Wellesley had calculated exactly the time it ought to take Stevenson to fulfil his orders, and he knew he could rely on his man.

In 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to command the first expedition to the Peninsula. He was then thirty-eight years of age. That he had full confidence in his ability to beat the French, the following will show. The night before he sailed he had been discussing some Parliamentary business with J. W. Croker, when he relapsed into a reverie, and remained silent so long that Croker asked him what he was thinking about.

"Why, to say the truth," he replied, "I am thinking of the French I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers; and a dozen years of victory under Buonaparte must have made them better still. They have, besides, a new system of strategy, which has out-maneuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter, my die is cast; they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will out-maneuvre me. First, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and, secondly, because if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it is a false one as against steady troops (the French system of fighting in heavy columns against troops in line). I suspect

all the Continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand."

That Wellington succeeded in out-maneuvring his enemy in the Peninsula is a matter of history, but it was not done without much difficulty, and if he had been opposed by Napoleon himself matters might have been very different, or, at any rate, Wellington's task would have been much prolonged.

With regard to the Waterloo campaign, one cannot help feeling, after reading Sir Herbert Maxwell's excellent description of the plans of campaign of the opposing generals, and the clever illustrations he gives of a similar advance as it might be carried out at our autumn manœuvres, that Wellington was not only out-maneuvred by Napoleon, but was actually surprised by him before Brussels, and it seems that he only escaped disaster owing to Ney not having attacked Quatre Bras when he first arrived there, and to Napoleon having waited a night before beginning the battle. The writer, speaking of the 17th of June, says :—

Up to that point Napoleon's conduct of the campaign was as masterly and brilliant as anything in his military career. Five years later Wellington frankly described it to Charles Greville as "the finest thing that ever was done—so rapid and so well combined."

Sir Herbert Maxwell and his publishers are to be congratulated upon the success of his undertaking. His book is certainly a worthy companion to the "Life of Nelson." It has arrived, too, at an opportune moment, for in many particulars the Peninsular War may be compared to that now raging in South Africa. The work is capably illustrated with photogravures, and contains many useful maps and battle plans, and we have no fear in prophesying a hearty reception of these handsome volumes from both military and lay readers.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

Fogs and mists have been the principal feature of this Christmas tide. The battle of the temperatures has degenerated into a sort of guerilla warfare. Little valleys, as of the Waveney or the A. have their local weather equally with the big Thames valley of the almost even more extensive region of the Severn and the W. The days that felt a breath of frost and saw a copper-coloured sky have given place to those of mild, mizzling rain and an overcast sky. These have in turn yielded to a fresh wave of cold, between each change in the ruling temperature, above or below the frost line, has interposed a period of mist or fog. The London fogs have been comparatively free from irritant matter; on the other hand, country districts, usually fogless, have not escaped the season. The general character of the period has been rather depressing, and it is noticeable that the war has affected business in the country towns and in the London suburbs more than in the heart of the metropolis. The poor have spent less this Christmas than usual, and the rich are spending in those greater ways of goodness which are giving us so many magnificent funds.

WOOD FIRES

While the factory and the engine must have coal and coal, the household might well have more wood and less coal. Wood burns brightly and cheerfully; the wood ashes are most valuable for the garden, whether for helping to make dry and clean paths, or for protecting the roots of shrubs and semi-hardy trees. The

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another reason why wood fires on the family hearth are to be commended. A suprisingly large area of British land is unproductive upland, which feeds few sheep and has next to no rental value. Nearly all of it would grow timber if there was a demand for the commoner sorts of wood. Thus a largely extended use of sawn wood for domestic fires would largely increase the area of land under cultivation and would add to the national wealth, besides relieving the pressure upon the coal supply, which now sends up prices 5s. per ton on the approach of winter. The labour employed on sawing the wood is healthy when compared with mining operations, and with thousands of country labourers wanting work it would come opportunely as a means of local rural employment.

WINTER BIRDS

The number of gulls seen along the Thames, Humber, Severn, and Lynn estuaries has been smaller than usual, and their going and coming has been more rapid than in some previous years.

Although "severe weather" is the usually accepted reason for the gulls' visits there would appear to be other causes at work, for these birds have been more numerous in winters milder than this, and they have also been steady in their stay during some very mild winter seasons. Some rare birds reached our shores as visitors late in November and were promptly shot. A touch of the Buddhist regard for life in the inferior animals would possibly be no unwelcome addition to the Christian practice in this country. It is also curious that whereas no people prides itself so much on its sportsmanlike character as does the English, no set of "sportsmen" is so remorseless in its blind slaughter of rarities visiting the island. We hear that fieldfares are not at all plentiful this winter, and that the wild ducks, northern geese, &c., on our north-east and north Norfolk coasts are fewer than for some years past.

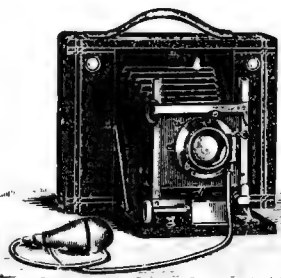
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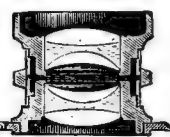
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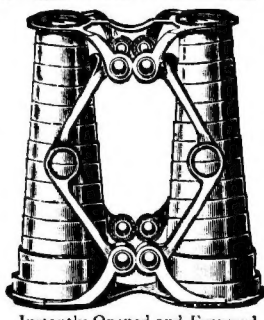
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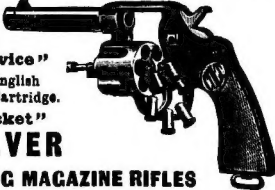
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